

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. IX.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1881.

NO 15.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Sitting Bull, Disgusted and Defiant, Wants to Die Like Crazy Horse.

Disposition of Troops Resulting from the Threatening Attitude of the Indians.

Escape and Recapture of the Noted Indian Murderer Brave Bear.

Successful Raid of the James Brothers Upon Another Western Train.

Bismarck and Mandan Take the Cake at the Great Northwestern Exposition.

Sitting Bull.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.
FORT YATES, D. T., Sept. 7.—The day has been the most exciting one for years. Last evening Sitting Bull was informed that he must go to Randall and that a boat would be along in a day or two to remove him.

He protested against the removal, and carried on at a great rate during the night. This morning he proposed to hold a council with the commanding officer. This being refused he assumed an attitude of defiance and swears that he will never go to Randall alive.

He says he wishes to die as Crazy Horse did (in battle). Of late considerable apprehension has been felt and the troops have been kept in readiness for immediate action. As soon as the attitude of Sitting Bull was made known Col. Gilbert ordered Company H, Seventeenth Infantry, Captain Howe commanding, to move the Indians of Sitting Bull's camp to the river bank, where they will be more easily guarded till the Sherman arrives. Company D, Seventh cavalry, have gone to Capt. Howe's assistance, and the horses of company B are saddled ready to mount on a moment's notice. The artillery and all is ready for instantaneous action. The band and all civilian employees have been placed under arms.

Such precautions have been taken that it is not believed any serious results will occur if the Indians offer any resistance.

Sitting Bull has lost confidence in Allison, and threatens to kill him if he comes within his reach.

Some thirty of Sitting Bull's camp were missing this morning, having escaped during the night. Brave Bear escaped and was captured this morning at Andy Marsh's ranch. He is wanted for the murder of Johnson of Cheyenne agency, some years ago. Since the news of the Arizona trouble was received, people have not felt quite as sure that there was no danger here, as they did before and it is safe to say that in future the command will be in such shape that if they cause any disturbance they will receive rough treatment at the hands of the troops.

Col. Gilbert is a man who will allow no trifling, and his action to-day will have a wholesome effect on all. It has generally been expected that there would be trouble to-morrow when the attempt is made to drive Sitting Bull on the boat, but the position of the troops is such that he cannot obtain aid from the other camps, and he has not sufficient men to be of much service.

The excitement has quieted down and a general confidence prevails to-night, which has been wanting for several days.

The removal of Sitting Bull is causing the most bitter dissatisfaction among all tribes. Company H, Seventeenth Infantry will accompany Sitting Bull to his destination. Sitting Bull fears foul play.

"Rock."

11:30 p. m.—A report has just come in that the Indians of Crow Kings and Gauls bands are preparing to leave, and it is evident something unusual is going on there. It will be investigated immediately.

"R."

[Brave Bear was brought to Bismarck last evening and turned over to the United States commissioner. He was the Indian who murdered a family of nine persons near Pembina in 1876. He was arrested and escaped from the military at Fort A. Lincoln, and was afterward re-captured and indicted in the United States court at Farge, but a question as to jurisdiction being raised he was turned

over to the Pembina county courts for trial. He was assisted to escape from the jail at Pembina by a half breed and a Frenchman. He returned to the Missouri river and killed Joe Johnson near Fort Sully two years ago, and made his way with his horse to Sitting Bull's camp. The Odd Fellows lodge at Fort Sully offered a reward of \$500 for his arrest, and a reward was also offered by the civil authorities. He surrendered with Sitting Bull, but evidently made up his mind to take to woods when he learned of the order for removal to Fort Randall. He says Interpreter Allison, in the employ of the military, aided him to escape from the hostile camp, put him across the river in a canoe and gave him a revolver and ammunition and a knife. After crossing the river he went to Louis Agards, where he tried to get a horse. This was about twelve o'clock at night. Failing to obtain one, Jake Houser, who was stopping at Agard's, knew very well he would steal one and thought the chances were that he would kill some settler in order to enable him to do so. So he proceeded to John Mannings and John Manning, Frank Sullivan, and Jake Houser started in pursuit. They overtook him at Andy Marsh's, and when they attempted to arrest him, he drew his revolver, which Andy Marsh snatched from him, when he surrendered without further trouble. He then asked for a pipe and tobacco, and said he wanted to smoke once more before they killed him. They assured him that they did not intend to kill him and in the course of the day he became quite sociable. Brave Bear is known in the court records as Waupacs. He is a very bold, bad Indian and was familiar with the murder of the Keogh mail carrier, if not a party to it. The men capturing him were in doubt as to what to do with him. He was a prisoner of war at Fort Yates, but had left his camp and was beyond their jurisdiction. He was even off the Indian reservation. They knew him to be a bad Indian, a thief, a murderer and an outlaw, and knew that a reward was offered for his capture, and they did just right in capturing him and turning him over to the civil authorities, although the military and agency people at Fort Yates may not think so. ED.]

The Fair.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 8.—The attractions of the week are to be crowded into the programme for Friday and Saturday. The incessant rain since Monday morning ceased this forenoon. The track is in fair condition. The equestrienne 20 mile race occurs to-morrow, and the great balloon ascension, and other great races, Saturday. Prof. Ruleson has made two ascensions in his small balloon; landing the first time half way to Minnetonka, and to-day near St. Paul. He went above the clouds and landed without accident. There are about fifty Bismarckers in the city to-day. One car of Mandan's exhibit failed to arrive, but the joint exhibit was pronounced the best on the grounds. E. P. Wells remarked that Bismarck's display takes the cake. McKenzie, Jewell and Galloway left to-night for Chicago. The press of St. Paul and Minneapolis devotes more space to the Bismarck and Mandan exhibit than any other feature of the fair. A special train leaves here Saturday night for the accommodation of North Pacific people. The greatest attractions ever offered in the world in a single day will be presented Saturday, and the attendance will be marvelous. Charles Wagner, a prominent Hennepin county farmer, with wife and three men, while driving home last night, and when about twelve miles from the city, were waylaid and fired upon three times by four men armed with shot guns. Mrs. Wagner lost one eye, and received a number of wounds, which may prove fatal. The others were injured slightly. John Henry, a farmer and neighbor, has been arrested as one of the assaulting parties, and does not deny the crime. His accomplices are known but are not to be found.

Forest fires are raging in Saginaw Valley, Mich. The towns of Bad Ax, Vernon, Port Hope and Huron City are all burned. People are burying themselves, furniture and clothing to escape the flames. One thousand families are made destitute, and over 200 people burned to death.

A passenger train on the Chicago & Alton railroad, fourteen miles from Kansas City, was stopped Wednesday night by supposed James brothers, and a dozen men armed with rifles. Express Messen-

ger J. J. Fox was killed, and the passengers and safe were robbed of \$20,000.

W. T. Thurby, aged twenty-seven, brakeman on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, fell from the car in the yards of this city at two p. m. and was killed.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

The President is at Elberon, Long Branch.

A five-year-old son of Thos. Harris, of Jamestown, was buried yesterday.

The New York democratic convention will be held at Albany, October 11th.

B. F. Stevens, of Duluth, has absconded with several hundred dollars of stolen funds.

Dr. Bliss did not go to Long Branch. There is comfort and cause for hope in that fact.

Yankton struck a splendid vein of water at the depth of about 500 feet which flows from the surface.

Crow Dog is being tried in the United States Court in the Black Hills for the murder of Spotted Tail.

Alex Grey, warden of the western penitentiary, was killed by the cars at Seawall Place on the 7th inst.

There is a prospect that Ben Hill's tongue will hereafter bother himself instead of his party. There is a cancer on it.

The forest fires raging in Michigan are simply terrible. Several villages have been destroyed and over two hundred lives lost.

The Yellowstone excursion to leave St. Paul on the 11th promises to be an extensive affair. Many ladies will accompany the party.

Dr. Hamilton now believes the President will recover. Dr. Hammond is almost mad about it. Doctors evidently do not like their early predictions defected.

Strong influences are at work for the renomination of Gov. Pillsbury, in spite of his objections, and in spite of the machinations of politicians. He ought to be re-nominated and re-elected.

Although Gen. Carr was not murdered there is reason to fear that serious Indian troubles will yet be had in the southwest. Fort Apache is threatened and settlers are being murdered on every hand.

The killed in the battle with the Apaches were Capt. Hertig and privates, Saurdagar, Sullivan, Miller, Livingston, Bird and Faran, all of Company D, 6th Cavalry. Lieut. Gordon and Sergt. McDonald were both wounded in the legs.

The Apache massacre appears to have grown directly out of the perfidy of Agent Tiffany in connection with a coal mine which he bought of the Indians, paying fifty of them \$40 each. When they learned of his treachery they organized their schemes for revenge.

The keno establishment at Sioux Falls was raided last week by the town marshal, and the keepers and some of the gamblers arrested. Messrs. Sherman and Kingsbury made the complaint on which the warrant was issued. The keepers, in turn, had those gentlemen arrested for swearing to something they did not possibly know, and they were taken to Dell Rapids for trial. Messrs. M. Grigsby and Harry Carson were also arrested for renting their buildings for gambling establishments.

Col. Sweet in Luck.

The Helena Herald says: Col. Geo. W. Sweet has placed on our table specimens of granite and marble taken from ledges and quarries recently located by him within a mile from Helena. The stone from the mother formation is of the quality and kind largely used by the government in the construction of public buildings, and mined in most part from the quarries in Maine. It is of a dark rich color, compact, readily worked by the mason, and susceptible of a smooth and mirrored surface. The marble sample is a four inch cube of a bluish white tint, takes a high polish, and is of a fine grain as any marble, domestic or foreign, in use. For ornamentation and all the uses for which marble is sought and utilized the variety before us is considered an important contribution.

Patents for the Boys.

Register Rea wishes to announce that he has for delivery patents for Frank P. Brown, William A. Meserve, Edward Sloan, John D. Hilger, Prentiss M. Granberry and Brown R. Granberry. The parties are required to surrender their final receiver's receipts when they receive their patents.

LOCAL GLEANINGS.

Gathered from the Stubble and Arranged for What They are Worth.

A Stray Coin Discovers a Woman's Shame and Wrecks a Prosperous Life.

The Bismarck Lyceum—A Feast of Reason and a Splendid Entertainment.

Mrs. Garfield's Ride to Washington—Fifty Miles an Hour and Other Recitations.

Typographical Errors Offend Mandan and Favorable Comparisons are Insisted Upon.

Mandan Property.

Editor Tribune:
MANDAN, Sept. 7.—On the first page of the TRIBUNE of the 6th inst. appeared the article quoted below, which, as you have been misinformed, please correct in the same conspicuous place, for although the citizens are willing to have any comparisons made, they desire them to be correctly stated, which they are confident you will be pleased to do. The statement made is as follows: "Last Saturday Mr. W. H. Stimpson, of this city, sold to R. M. Newport, of St. Paul, several town lots in Mandan for a consideration of \$200. Mr. Stimpson purchased these flats eight months ago at a small figure, and feels elated over the success of his sale, as he believes Bismarck property is the best." "H. M. Mixter has disposed of his dwelling house, two lots and blacksmith shop, corner of Fourth and Thayer streets, this city, for \$2,200."

The facts in regard to the Mandan sale are as follows: H. G. Newport, brother of Col. R. M. Newport, purchased of Mr. Stimpson, of Bismarck, on which was a very inferior building that would scarcely be considered in the purchase of property of any value, for \$1,200, and without any exaggerations would make this lot alone worth \$1,000. Mr. Stimpson may have purchased this lot at a low figure, and may feel elated over the sale, but Mr. Newport has made a good purchase, and in a year will be able to sell at an advance which Mr. Stimpson will be sorry to loose, and the comparison as to Mr. Mixter's sale of two lots, a blacksmith shop and dwelling house for \$2,200 does not quite come up to the Mandan sale. Property in Mandan has advanced from 200 to 500 per cent. since the first of April last. J. P. Lansing day before yesterday sold four acres of his claim lying south of the railroad track, and at the southwest corner of the town. Consideration \$300 per acre. Very respectfully yours,

CARPENTER & CANY.

[The TRIBUNE has received the above communication from Mandan protesting against a statement made in the TRIBUNE of the sixth, which was corrected in the issue of the seventh in relation to a transfer of real estate by W. H. Stimpson to Col. R. M. Newport. It is assumed that the case was purposely misstated in order to make an unfavorable comparison. The facts are there were two galleys of proofs in the issue of the paper of that date that escaped the eye of the editor, and these galleys were full of typographical errors. The Stimpson item was among the number and that is all there is of it. Lots were rendered flats, and one figure was dropped out in making up.

Mandan has no reason to complain of the treatment received through the TRIBUNE. The Mandan column has been absolutely under the control of the Mandan agents, and all that they have ever written the writer believes has been published, and they have not suffered more from proof reading than other persons do who do not have an opportunity to read their own proof.]

A Stray Coin.

An old wreck in the form of a man appeared at the TRIBUNE office a few evenings since and asked the privilege of laying on the floor during the remainder of the night. He was a tall, well built man a man of unusual intelligence, but carried with him unmistakable signs of a continued debauch. Inquiry developed the fact that only a few years ago he was one of the crack mates on the Missouri river, able to command the highest salary and his pick among the best boats on the

river. He was lively, steady and popular. He had a wife on whom he doted and for whom he was ready to do or die. Nothing was too good for her; no wish of hers remained ungratified. He came home one night quite late and retired as usual. His wife soon became violently ill, apparently, and called for aid, and he rushed out for relief. As he entered the drug store he placed his hand in his pocket and found a twenty dollar gold piece. This led to the discovery that he had in his haste put on another man's pants, who had evidently been hiding in the bed-room. This incident led to the discovery of his wife's shame, and proved that her illness was only feigned in order to give her paramour a chance to escape. It did more. It destroyed a happy home and wrecked a prosperous life. From that day to this the man has been as he is now seen, living only to die and not caring how soon the end may come. This case suggests the thought that few know of the distress men are sometimes forced to endure, or of the causes that lead them on to perdition. Men who could face death in any form without flinching, who were very lions in battle and are among the strongest and bravest in the ordinary walks of life, may not be able to stand when the dearest affections of the heart are outraged. It is these tender hearts who push madly into dissipation—who fill suicides graves. Who is there that would throw a rock at them? What can be done to relieve them? The happiness of others only intensifies their grief and plunges them deeper into dissipation. They laugh at death and would gladly welcome its coming. The morning brings them no words of encouragement, the evening none of sympathy. The days are dark and gloomy and the nights bring no rest. There is no sunshine for their hearts, and the world is a thousand times more to be dreaded than the tomb.

Bismarck Lyceum Meeting.

Never in the history of Bismarck has there been such a meeting as was held at the rooms of the Bismarck Lyceum society last evening.

After the meeting had been called to order, and the minutes of the last meeting read and approved, came recitations by Mr. Logan, principal of our public schools, who did himself proud, especially in his delivery of the beautiful and time-honored recitation "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

Next came Miss Cleveland in some very beautiful recitations. She is a speaker whose every word and gesture is perfect, and one whom it would benefit anyone to hear.

Miss Cleveland was followed by Col. Bull. His recitation entitled "Mrs. Garfield's Ride to Washington—Fifty Miles an Hour" was, in the opinion of those present, the best ever heard from the rostrum in this city.

Music was interspersed throughout the meeting, and taking all in all it was a most enjoyable affair.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Mr. Logan; vice-president, Mr. Hugh McDonald; secretary, Mr. George Jennings; treasurer, Mr. Joe Swindlehurst, executive committee, Swindlehurst, Pye, Blake and Corey.

Ticket Sales and Money Orders.

The cash receipts of the Bismarck ticket office of the North Pacific railroad for the first five days in September were \$3,525. The reports of the ticket agent, Mr. J. E. Johnson, show a constant increase in business from month to month, and in this record, as well as in the increased receipts for freight, is found evidence of continued prosperity that can not well be disputed.

For the same time the Bismarck post office received from sales of money orders \$2,450.40, and paid for money orders, \$437.70. These facts show a concentration of people and business at Bismarck that if continued would build up a city without regard to the surrounding country—would build a city on a barren waste, but in no country can be found stronger or better land than that surrounding Bismarck.

10,000 Bushels.

Messrs. Bennett & Burt, of the Bismarck flouring mills, have the stone foundation laid for a large wheat ware house, which will be completed at an early date. The size is 70x24 feet; is to be a frame structure, and covered with an iron roof. This firm will do a rushing business this fall and winter.

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK. DAKOTA

ON the last day of August, in Chicago wheat for September delivery closed at 1.21 5-8, declining from 1.30 1-2 during the week.

GUITTEAU wants to be married to a Christian lady of wealth and of first-class family. If he believed such a woman, or any other, would marry him, it would be evidence of insanity.

SECRETARY BLAINE is much praised at home and abroad for telling the truth in regard to the president's condition, and in language that would be understood by the masses of people who are not up in medical signs and technicalities.

THE south this year has enjoyed a remarkable exemption from yellow fever and other diseases incident to the season, and the National Board of Health have suspended further inspections. Improvement of sewers and other sanitary measures have had a good deal of influence in producing a healthful condition of the atmosphere.

THE drouth extends over Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and other localities, and has done immense damage to crops, especially to corn. Farmers are compelled to drive their cattle long distances for water and feed, the pastures being too dry to afford sustenance. Such an extensive drouth is of rare occurrence.

THE United States sloop-of-war *Ticonderoga* arrived in New York the other day from her cruise of three years round the world. Almost every country that was visited was found under the controlling influence of British merchants and the British flag, although a strong desire was manifested everywhere to cultivate friendly commercial relations with the United States.

Mr. COX, member of congress from New York city, popularly known as "Sunset Cox," from his having written in his earlier years a somewhat florid account of a gorgeous sunset in a foreign land, has been spending his vacation in traveling about northern Europe, including Iceland. In a letter from Norway he writes of the Norwegians: "We see no beggary, no poor-houses or jails; we hear of no crimes or violence. No locks are needed upon doors. Drunkenness is rare. They love music and flowers, and are devoted to their faith and families. They are never idle. Even the girls are knitting, while attending sheep and cows."

CANADA is exercised by the pardoning out of the Kingston penitentiary of one George Allen, who in a fit of causeless jealousy seized his wife, threw her to the ground, and coolly and deliberately threw vitrol on her person and face, burning her fearfully and almost killing her. After months of intense suffering, she recovered from the fearful abuse, but her features were so disfigured that her appearance excited indignation and pity among her friends and loathing among strangers. She was left totally unprovided for, while Allen by professing religion, ingratiated himself with the pious officials and upon their recommendation, a pardon was obtained. The case is pronounced one of the most flagrant instances of misplaced executive clemency.

THE secretary of the treasury calls attention to the law which makes it an offence to mutilate coins of the United States, punishable by fines and imprisonment. It appears that in the western cities especially, the practice of mutilating silver coins has grown to the proportions of an avocation. The fractional pieces seem to be the favorite basis of this species of vandalism. So large a proportion of the 50 cent, quarter dollar and 10 cent pieces are found to be clipped or punched in some localities that the banks have found it necessary to adopt the most stringent system of discounts in order to check the practice.

THERE are in the United States, according to the last census, 25,520,582 males and 24,632,284 females. It will be seen that the males are excess of the females nearly a million. The same relation, however, does not exist in old communities. In most nations, where the growth is natural, the females are slightly in excess of the males. This rule is observable only in spots in the United States. In most of the New England states and in the cotton States, the females are in excess of the males. In the west, or newly settled portions, the males are ahead in gradual progression until California is reached where the females stand in the relation of 66,841 to the 100,000 males. But this great disparity is occasioned by the presence of 75,000 Chinese males.

SALT has proved successful in increasing the yield of wheat this year, to an extent that was hardly expected. Wherever tried, simply as an experiment, the best results are reported in almost every instance, especially on lands that have been wheat-cropped for many successive years. In some cases the difference in the yield of salted and unsalted land is said to be five or six bushels to the acre, and four, generally. Next year salt will have a more extensive trial, when its true value can be more accurately determined. While its beneficial effects have been so generally observed, no one seems to know specifically, its operation upon the soil. It is popularly supposed to supply something that has been extracted by continuous cropping, or that it is an antidote to various deleterious conditions.

ENSCONCED AT ELBERON.

The President Arrives Safely at the Seaside and is Taken at Once to the Franklin Cottage.

He Enjoys the Journey and Seems to Have Been Already Benefited by the Change of Air and Scene.

Yesterday's Sun Ushered in the Dawn of a New Day for the President in More Ways Than One.

Dr. Hamilton Thinks that the President's Recovery is Now Nearly if Not Quite an Assured Fact.

Crowds of the Curious at the Branch and the Precautions Taken to Make Them Keep Their Distance.

All Goes Merrily Till the Branch is Reached, When an Engine's Drive Wheels Refuse to Cling,

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The president was safely started on his journey this morning. His form, borne on a litter covered with a white counterpane, appeared at the door of the White House at 6:10 o'clock. It was borne by Col. Rockwell, Gen. Swain, Dr. Boynton, Dr. Bliss and Col. Corbin. The stretcher was placed without inconvenience in the express wagon, and the bearers rode with him. Col. Rockwell sat on his right, fanning away the flies, and Dr. Boynton sat at the left of the patient's head, on the alert to steady the pillow should any jar disturb it. A crowd of several hundred people were gathered at the gate to see the president, and they reverently uncovered their heads as he passed out into Pennsylvania avenue. He looked neither to the right nor left, but seemed in a drowsy condition from the morphine that had been given him.

HIS FACE WORE THE ASPECT OF A CORPSE.

It was so deathly pale and thin that no one would have recognized him if it had not been known who he was; for his complexion, as white as chalk, stood out in deathly contrast with the ruddy glow of his cheek as it had been last seen by the people. It was not so much the emaciation that struck the observer as this milk-white color of the skin, from which every tint of blood had fled. The police had cleared the avenue of all vehicles at 5:30, along the way to the depot, so that nothing occurred to disturb him. A cordon of police walked near the wagon to keep the people from pressing too near, but they followed; and as the vehicle neared the curbstones on the corners a close view of his face was obtained. He proceeded to the depot without accident or inconvenience.

AT THE DEPOT.

At the depot, the train containing President Roberts' private car, the special coach for the president, a smoking car and an engine was backed up on the spur built last night, and straight across the avenue both ways, and across Sixth street were were stretched heavy ropes, guarded by squads of mounted police and officers on foot, keeping back the crowd of negroes and market gardeners who pressed eagerly forward to watch for the wounded chief. First came the family carriage of the White House containing Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Mollie Gould and Miss Rockwell. These alighted at the private car. They were followed by a carriage containing the physicians and Mr. J. Stanley Brown, in his own conveyance. All these people entered the car and awaited the arrival of the huge express van that lumbered slowly down the avenue. As it approached the crowd pressed eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the president. There he lay with his wan, thin face turned on its side and the eyes wide open, staring at the multitude while the feeble hand vainly essayed to wave recognition. There was no demonstration among the people, but many a face turned red with suppressed emotion, the tears trickled down many a cheek and as if by one impulse every man's head was uncovered. The wagon was at once backed up to the door of the car, and after several futile attempts the rear portion of the wagon was brought to the right juncture. As the wagon stopped President Garfield, who had been lying with his face on its side with eyes wide open, straightened up and closed his eyes. Without great difficulty he was lifted on his bed and passed into the car and was laid upon the pallet prepared for him. He seemed in no way fatigued and appeared

MUCH BRIGHTENED UP BY THIS FRESH EXPERIENCE.

As soon as he was fairly within the car the train pulled up a few rods and the obstructing track on Pennsylvania avenue was at once torn up. The train lingered some little time to allow the friends of the family to assure the public that the president had been safely transferred, and to send certain messages back to the White House. On the president's car were Drs. Agnew, Bliss, Boynton, Woodward and Reyburn and Mr. Brown, Maj. Swain, Col. Corbin and Mr. Warren Young. All stated that the president had passed a very comfortable night; that he had slept well; that his pain had gone down, and that he had felt improved. Mr. Young said that the president had seemed somewhat worried by the first movement, but that after he was placed in the wagon he brightened up and seemed to enjoy the ride. He bade adieu to the servants at the White House, and watched the crowds upon the streets with great interest. At last all arrangements were completed, the pilot engine steamed away in the distance. No. 658 gave a slight wheeze, and with a subdued cough pulled her precious freight slowly up the new track on Sixth street, across Main, and as she turned into Virginia avenue increased her speed, while the crowds waved their handkerchiefs and hats. It was 6:30 a.m. when the people turned to go to their homes and their business, and not least among their surmises was the question: "Will he ever come back alive?"

THE ARRIVAL AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 6.—Long before the

sun was up this morning the West Philadelphia depot was crowded with people anxious to learn something about the presidential train. The telegraph train dispatchers were besieged, and dozens of absurd rumors were in circulation until the first official dispatches were posted on a blackboard in the center of the depot, announcing that the train had left Washington. The proportions of the crowd increased so rapidly that before 7 o'clock fully 2,000 people were in and around the depot, and the officers were compelled to drive the great portion of them out. This was effected with but little difficulty as the spectators were orderly, quiet and obedient. In fact, the moving of the president seemed to effect them so seriously that ordinary conversations were carried on in a low and subdued tone. Turned out of the depot the crowd floated to the stone mills at the north end of the tunnel, where they waited in the hot sun for over two hours, peering into the black mouth of the tunnel, now and then, as though they expected to see the train come dashing along. Shortly after 10 o'clock several hundred people who had gathered outside the depot

MADE A RUSH.

intending to break through the gates to the platform inside. The railroad officials were too sharp for them, however, and they god-naturedly retreated. As no one in the crowd seemed to know whether the train was coming through the tunnel or around on the freight tracks by the river, a brigade of the watchers marched over to the river and there awaited its coming. By 10:30 the crowd extended along the side of the tracks from Market street to Callow hill street bridge. It was composed of both sexes and all ages, and whenever a regular east-bound train came along, the spectators made a simultaneous rush for the track, only to retire disappointed. Not long after 10 o'clock Yard Superintendent Potts stopped all the passenger, freight and switching engines in the yards. The main track was cleared as far as Trenton, and at 10:45 came a dispatch announcing that the presidential train, which was running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, had passed Gray's Ferry, just below the city, at exactly 10:45. It reached the depot, and three minutes later passed the junction

AT FULL SPEED.

The cars whisked through the thousands of watchers so quickly that they caught but a momentary glimpse of the queer blinds of the patient's car. A few persons recognized Dr. Agnew in the first car and Mrs. Garfield in the east part of the rear car, but the majority had to be satisfied with a general view of the train. In fact, quite a number of the watchers took the special for the regular limited express, and waited half an hour longer before learning their mistake. The rest dispersed quietly and quickly after the train passed. The train stopped at Gray's Ferry about nine minutes to get water, and in response to inquiries Dr. Agnew announced that the president had undergone the journey thus far in fine shape. The wound had been dressed near Bay View while the train was moving fifty-five miles an hour, and the president expressed himself as much relieved thereby. The green shades prevented a sight of the president, but a colored porter was seen near the bodside with a fan which he frequently used for the patient's benefit.

THE DAY AT LONG BRANCH.

AT LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 6.—The president is in Long Branch. His removal was safely and successfully accomplished, and he endured the journey of 238 miles from Washington with less discomfort than any of his physicians had anticipated. He now lies within 100 yards of the ocean. The fresh, life-giving salt breezes play through his chamber. The gentle roar of the surf falls plainly upon his ears and all that kindly nature can bestow upon her son belongs to the president. Hope, that had died out in Washington, has revived in Long Branch. The physicians can do but little for the patient beyond relieving his outward wants. The art of healing in this case has passed from the domain of physicians to the hand of God. If the president does not fail within the next thirty-six hours reasonable hopes of his recovery may be entertained, for during that time the effects of to-day's journey will probably be fully developed and the worst will be known. The risk of bringing the president to the seaside was fully comprehended by all who had charge of the case. The result of allowing him to remain in the White House would have been death. The one chance was taken, and it now looks as though with success.

Long Branch was active at an earlier hour than usual this morning. Last night it was known that the president would be removed to-day and the lazy pleasure seekers determined to make a sensation of the event. It would afford a pleasing variation to the monotony of flirting, driving and bathing, and judging by the appearance of Ocean avenue before 10 o'clock this morning many an engagement for the day had been made in the world of the waltz and polka last night. The morning sun dispersed a cloud of mist which hung over the ocean at daybreak, and before the early risers were out the weather was

UNCOMFORTABLY WARM.

Hardly a breath of air moved over the bluffs and what little there was came in puffs from the north, the only direction in which it would be impossible to reach the president's chamber. On any other day the ladies and gentlemen would have remained closely in their apartments until the sunset hour when the Branch is always comfortable. Soon after breakfast Ocean avenue was crowded with vehicles and barouches. Coupes, village carts, milk wagons, stages and beach backs lined the driveways between the West End and Elberon. Farmers from the surrounding country and their wives, attired in Sunday clothes, assembled from the adjacent villages and took positions whereon they could see the entry of the president's train. The hotels of Sea bridge, Ocean Grove, Ocean City and Spring Lake added their full quota to the number of gazers. A despatch from Washington had announced the departure at 6:30 a.m., and a message from Baltimore conveyed the pleasing news that the patient was comfortable and enjoyed the change of scene. The news of the progress of the suffering passenger came slowly. The attorney general hustled about the Elberon, seeing that nothing was omitted or forgotten in the arrangements for the president's reception, received frequent telegrams apprising him of the progress of the party. One message said that the train was running at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour and would reach Long Branch between 12 and 1 o'clock.

Another conveyed the news that the president was

BEARING THE TRIP SPLENDIDLY.

and seemed already benefited by the change. These good words were passed around the people at the Elberon and gradually circulated among the crowds in the vicinity of the hotel. At daybreak this morning the track from the main line of the Pennsylvania road to the Franklin cottage was completed. In view of the short notice upon which the track had been built, it was admirably laid a half a mile in length passing for some distance over uneven ground and making two sharp curves. It was graded, and the ties and track laid with 200 men in eighteen hours, most of the work being done after dark. After being completed, an engine was run over it to test its strength. Twice, on one curve, the locomotive spread the rails and left the track, but before 12 o'clock it was in perfect order. Attorney General MacVeagh carefully observed the tests, and was satisfied with the strength of the structure. The people from the cottages and hotels seemed to take as much interest in the track as the surveyors who superintended its construction. They drove back and forth along Lincoln avenue, in the sweltering heat, watching the group of tired workmen who lay in the shadow of the fence, eagerly questioning every one who looked as though he might possess any information of the slightest details of the work. The events transpiring around

THE FRANKLIN COTTAGE.

were watched as intently as those by the railroad. The track passed within ten feet of the portico of the cottage, and this portico happened to be about the same height from the ground as the floor of the car upon which the president was carried. Eighty-four-inch pine planks, twelve feet long, rested against the edge of the portico in such a way that when the car stopped one end of each plank could be lifted into the car doorway, forming a solid gangway upon which the president could be carried from the car upon the portico and thence into the house. Workmen were engaged in arranging a long awning over the portico in such a way that it would be entirely hidden from the gaze of persons on either side. Several large pieces of sail cloth lay upon the ground by the side of the portico. They were to be used to cover the gangway from the car to the portico so that the president would be entirely invisible while being carried into the house. People roamed at pleasure about the grounds. They tramped on the piazzas surrounding the cottage, peering into the windows and trying the handles of the doors. No one was allowed to enter. Ladies mounted the steps leading to the portico and formed a deep group in front of the dining room window, from which they could only be driven away by the waiters, who lowered the frames and closed the blinds. On the bluffs directly in front of the cottage was a large crowd of ladies indolently regarding the building which they had seen a hundred times before, and never until now looked upon with the slightest interest. At 11 o'clock

A DETACHMENT OF TROOPS.

marched up to the Elberon. They had arrived from Governor's Island on the first train down from New York, and were quartered in a vacant lot between the depot and the hotel. There they pitched their tents and prepared for an encampment which will not be broken until the president leaves the Branch. The officers in command assigned the soldiers to patrol duty, and orders were given to clear the grounds, on the south side of the president's cottage. No one was allowed within the line of the railroad track. On the north people were kept 100 yards away from the cottage. The bluff marked the "dead lines" on the east line; while the hotel formed the western boundary, beyond which no person was allowed to proceed in the direction of the cottage. At noon the arrival of the presidential train was expected. The Elberon piazzas were crowded with ladies and gentlemen. The scene in the town outside the picket lines, resembled a picnic party more than anything else. Protected from the sun only by umbrellas, nearly 1,000 people stood in rows in positions where they fancied they could catch a glimpse of a man thrice given up to die by the best medical practitioners in the country. A country photographer, thrifty and enterprising, had his camera directly upon the spot where he thought it possible a picture of the sad scene might be obtained. The precautions taken to prevent the crowd from satisfying their curiosity met with the disapprobation of many of the spectators. They could hardly comprehend that a worn and wasted president, who, in the prime of health, should object to posing as a spectacle.

TO GRATIFY THE SELFISH DESIRES.

of a crowd. About 12:30 a large American flag was hung out of the window in the top of the gable on the west side of the building. It was scarcely moved by the faint breeze. Two magnificent bouquets were carried into the sick chamber and their perfume scented the atmosphere of the apartment. The preparations for reception were completed and the people anxiously awaited the arrival of the train. At 1:10 o'clock, when the presidential train dashed around the curve into view, there was a half-suppressed "There she comes," and all conversation ceased as the locomotive, with its three cars, came to a gradual stand still at the switch. Engineer Page and his soot-begrimed fireman were the first to receive the homage of the multitude who crowded around the locomotive almost before it had stopped, and many hands were extended to the man who carried the president safely to his destination. It was necessary at this point to change the locomotives. A shifting engine better adapted to the short curves of the side track took its place. This piece of track gave some trouble, however. It was up and down steep grades and around the short curves. The engine was behind the cars pushing them.

FEARFUL OF DISTURBING THE PRESIDENT.

by a sudden jar, and acting under instructions to take his time, the engineer started his locomotive with the same care as at first. Before he was fairly under way the engineer found his train at the foot of a steep grade and on a sharp curve, which rendered his progress exceedingly dubious. All at once the drive wheels began to slip and the cars to jolt together in a most alarming fashion. The throttle was opened and workmen on the ground threw cinders and sand on the track. Dr. Bliss, from the car door, and the physician and officials on the platform, looked anxious and alarmed. The engineer alone seemed undisturbed. He opened his throttle gently and finding that he could not overcome the difficulty that way, eased off and brought the train to a standstill. A 100 men put their shoulders to the cars and pushed them slowly up the grade for 100 yards. There

was then a level track, and the train moved smoothly along past many cottages whose verandas were filled with gentlemen and ladies.

AT THE COTTAGE.

The train stopped again before the president's cottage was reached, this time directly south of the hotel. As it came to a standstill the people moved in the direction of the cars, but the vigilant troops quietly surrounded them and kept the people off. Dr. Bliss and Agnew stood in the car door, and the face of Gen. Swain, Maj. Rockwell and Col. Corbin could be seen anxiously looking out at the surroundings. Dr. Bliss shook hands with a small group of Washington friends and said that the president had endured the journey very well indeed. By looking through one of the car windows the president could be seen. He was lying upon his back. Dr. Boynton was fanning him. He moved his arm weakly over his head as though brushing away flies and then clasped his hands together back of his head. "He complains of the heat," said Col. Corbin, and there truly was just cause for the complaint. The president's car was pushed into position exactly before the high porch that looks out upon the ocean. Thousands of eager eyes were intent upon the canvas shaded passage way through which the president was presently carried. Everything was so well arranged that it was the work of only a few moments. The president looked a little weary, but as he passed in the cottage door his eyes opened and almost spoke to gratitude. He felt in common with millions of his fellow citizens that the journey from the shores of the Potomac to this health giving spot had been successfully accomplished. The president was carried without trouble, except at one turn of the stairs to the elegantly appointed chamber on the east side of the cottage, and was carefully transferred to the bed which he will hereafter occupy.

MEAGER TELEGRAPHIC FACILITIES.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 6.—The train which entered Long Branch at 9:30 conveyed a squad of the regular troops of Battery A, First artillery, from Governor's Island, under the command of Capt. J. M. Ingalls. The squad numbered thirty, inclusive of officers. The troops will be placed about the cottages set apart for the presidential party. The cottages are all in readiness to receive the president, and large crowds were gathered about Franklin cottage during the morning. Much inconvenience is being experienced by representatives of the press, owing to inadequate telegraphic facilities; the nearest office to the president's quarters being about a mile and a half distant, and the only method of conveyance being by carriages. Rooms have been set apart by the proprietors of the West End hotels for the accommodation of the Western Union Telegraph company, and an additional force of men is expected to arrive during the day. There is a land breeze blowing, and it is quite sultry.

DR. HAMILTON HOPEFUL.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 6.—Dr. Hamilton, one of the consulting surgeons, arrived at Long Branch this morning. In conversation on the train the doctor expressed the opinion that the president's removal from the malarial atmosphere of Washington would soon prove beneficial. He did not attribute so much importance to the sea air as to the general change of scenery, etc. He thought the fact that

GRIEF.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless. The only men incredulous of despair, Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air. Beat upward to God's throne in loud access Of shrieking and reproach. Full desirousness In souls as countries hath silent—bare Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted man, express Grief for the dead in silence like to death— Most like a monumental statue set In everlasting watch and motionless woe, Till itself crumble to the dust beneath. Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet; If it could weep, it could arise and go. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

RUBY'S GHOST.

"Do you believe in spirits, Mr. Harding?" And the speaker looked up seriously from her drawing, balancing an H. B. on very dainty little finger.

These two, Ruby Farris and Alec Harding, would have made a pretty picture, now that Art delights in depicting modern young ladies in "costumes," and gentlemen of the period, instead of gods and goddesses in nothing particular. Ruby had a dear little face, with a rosebud mouth, and was decidedly pleasant to look upon; and Mr. Alec, who was evidently of that opinion also, looked well matched with her, being as natty a specimen of a good-looking young fellow as you might wish to see.

"Well, that depends on what you mean by the word, Miss Farris," he replied, abstractedly. "It has a rather wide signification."

"I mean," she said, laying her pencil down, and still more serious, "that if you love any one very much, it is possible that they may come to you after death—just possible you know?" she added. "Don't reason me out of the idea, as I know you are going to do. I like to believe it."

"Then I won't say a word about it," he said, his face suddenly flushing; "but, in turn, I will ask you a question, which is of far more importance to me. I have been afraid to say anything about it, for you are so much too good for me—but I can't keep quiet any longer. Ruby, my darling, do you think you could—"

"Mr. Raddles, if you please, miss;" and at this most inopportune moment, a lank, awkward youth was ushered in.

Was ever anything more provoking? Ruby felt as if she could have cried with vexation; and Alec glared at the new comer as if his coming were a personal insult. Mr. Raddles, however, being pre-occupied and short-sighted, saw neither Alec's frowns nor Ruby's blushes, but plunged into the account of the latest croquet news, and the base-ball matches in the preparations etc.

By the time these subjects were exhausted, the family party had collected, and any chance for a further *tete-a-tete* for the two was gone. Alec stood pulling his mustache, and now and then furtively looking at Ruby, who drew diligently, though it must be confessed, more to the detriment of her picture than otherwise.

"Have you any commissions for me in town, Mrs. Farris?" he said, at last, ruefully looking at his watch. "I have to go up to day on business, but I only stay over one night."

"If Mr. Harding would bring home a valuable pin, which had been repaired, it would be so much safer than sending it through the post; and a line to the jeweler could be done in a moment."

When the note was written, Alec took leave of all Ruby's sisters in order, and then coming to her, held out his hand with a wistful look. The soft, little fingers were trembling and cold, but he felt sure they slightly returned the pressure; and he went away happier, though disappointed.

"Oh! Mrs. Farris! what do you think?" exclaimed Miss Raddles, bursting the next day into the room where that good lady was sewing. "There has been such a dreadful railway accident! The train from New York has been run into and over so many people killed. Poor Mr. Slack, and Mrs. Scanlon at the corner, and that good-looking young man, Mr. Harding, and—"

"Mr. Harding! How very shocking!" cried Mrs. Farris. "We know him quite well, and—Oh, dear! my diamond pin? Why, Ruby my child, what is the matter?"

For poor little Ruby with a dreadful look in her eyes, and her lips white and parted, was standing close at hand. As her mother spoke, she made a step forward, and fell fainting. Miss Raddles departed, amid the general confusion, to remark, confidentially to a friend or two, that Ruby Farris had fits; she had just left her in one. She always thought that red and white complexion really very unwholesome, though people admired it.

When Ruby opened her eyes again, in bewilderment, that slowly grew to a dull, intolerable pain, she steadfastly refused to answer the questions that were asked her. "I want to be alone," moaned the poor child; and so they laid her on the drawing-room sofa. How shockingly bright was the summer day now! though only a short time since that sunshine had seemed to accord so well with her happy heart. They closed the Venetian blinds, and drew heavy curtains over the glass-door that led into the garden, leaving it a little open, that a breath of fresh air might steal through the folds, and left her—to have a nice sleep, they said.

A nice sleep! What a mockery all the tender household sayings had been to her! None knew of her grief, for Ruby had been shy of speaking of her scarcely-found happiness. She felt as if the past and future had been blotted out, as if nothing ever could happen again—ever had happened—but this horrible event. And yet she wondered why she could not cry. Did she love him less than her pet canary, that died last week—years, ages ago, when she was her self, and had a heart, instead of this leaden weight that did not feel, only pressed all the life out of her.

Oh, if she could die and go to Alec! But she could not die. She would go on living for a length of years, and her youth would pass, and wrinkles come, and her pretty hair grow thin; and even her love would fade in the long years, leaving her only a sad, spiritless old maid. And poor little Ruby's mind wandered in these sad labyrinth of thought, hour after hour, as she lay in the darkened room. One memory after another passed before her, each more full of pain than the other. Only yesterday she was sitting at her drawing, and saw him coming in from the garden through that very door, now so heavily curtained. She lived that scene over again in her mind, feverishly recalling every word and look. She had told him an old legend about the house they lived in; and then she remembered what she had said about spirits, and his look, and the half-spoken words. How

she hated Mr. Raddles for interrupting them. If she could only have told one word of her love! But now Alec would never know it. Ah! if her belief were but true, and his spirit would come to her, and show her that "love was stronger than the grave."

All at once a sudden light broke on the darkness. She turned her heavy eyes, and there, between the curtains, stood her lost love, in the sunshine, looking tenderly at her.

Ruby half raised herself, held out her trembling hands, and cried:

"Alec, my love, you have come to me! I am not afraid; not at all afraid!"

"Afraid of what, darling?" replied the phantom, in a tone of the greatest surprise. "Come to you? Of course I have—straight from the station. Have you a headache, that the room is so darkened?"

The last words were lost upon Ruby. He was kneeling by her, her head upon his breast, and a torrent of tears was utterly spoiling the specter's shirt-front. Gradually, with great difficulty, he learned the truth; and by dint of soothing and caressing, and laughing a little at her, the tears dwindled into an occasional sob, the color came back to the rosebud mouth, the light to the eyes, and Ruby was herself again. "It was that gossiping Miss Raddles," Alec explained. "That family seems destined to annoy us. I had intended coming by that train." (Ruby shuddered, and had to be restored by a kiss), "but I found my business would not let me. I was vexed at the time, little thinking from what I was preserved. I mentioned to Miss Raddles by chance, what time I should be back; and as I did not turn up by that train, she added me to her list of killed and wounded. Of course, I hurried here as soon as I returned, and came in this way, hoping to find you alone. I was in dreadful suspense; and when I heard my darling's first words—"

"But I should never have said them," whispered Ruby, blushing very much, "if I hadn't thought you were—"

"A ghost," he answered, laughing. "I know that it was owing to a certain young lady's belief in apparitions that I was spared the torture of formally declaring my love—for it is a torture to a shy fellow like me. Now don't say a word more, but keep quiet, and get your nerves all right again."

Ruby pleaded to say one word, which was, "I never cried at all about you, Alec, till I found nothing happened to you."

But he didn't seem to take that very much to heart.

According to the rules of fiction, Ruby ought to have had brain fever, and even to have furnished a touching death-bed scene; but all the effects of the fright on this unromantic young lady were, that she did not get quite strong for a few days, during which time a great deal of Mr. Harding's company was required to divert and amuse her.

In after years, when little Rubys and Alecs clamored for a story, some one would say, "Ask mamma if she ever saw a ghost." And mamma would only look up and smile, saying nothing.

The Domestic Tyrant.

From East and West.

No person more completely possessed the power of creating misery, in his house, than the domestic tyrant, embittering as he does the lives of his nearest relatives by his selfishness and *exigent* temper. The great essentials for happiness in social life are freedom and trust; but these important elements are banished out of the little home world ruled over by one of these impious autocrats. He makes it a rule to exhibit most profound disregard for the feelings of others, and by an indulgence in covert sneers, harsh and insulting words, the self-control of his victims is sorely tried. Consciousness of power is no doubt the cause of his overbearing ways. The domestic tyrant always has the highest possible appreciation of himself. His opinion admits of no question; being his opinion it must be right, and in an arbitrary manner he expects his family to acquiesce, or to feign acquiescence with him on all points. He looks upon himself in every sense as a superior being, far above his surroundings. In his own estimation he is too highly bred and too refined to support the inconveniences of daily occurrences which are endured by others. His organization is too sensitive and finely strung to tolerate small domestic troubles. He, if anything, is only too generous and virtuous; he feels compassion for himself alone, regretting that the grandeur of his character is not sufficiently appreciated. His most trifling acts are magnified by him into examples of stupendous liberality. In his complete self-satisfaction he announces he is only too good in sacrificing himself, and he laments that he does not receive the admiration he considers his due. He possesses in the highest degree the power of wounding the feelings of others, and by his persistent efforts to mortify their sensibilities, he appears to treat that power as an accomplishment, which he never neglects to display at every opportunity. The inmates of many an apparently happy home, if questioned as to the background, would bear testimony as to wrung hearts, caused by the domestic tyrant. No wonder, with such a man for the head of the house, there is a general sense of relief when the front door shuts behind him, and a feeling of suppressed joy when he is away. Besides the misery caused by him to his household, the domestic tyrant must really experience a considerable amount of mental discomfort for himself. He cannot fail to perceive the sort of change that comes over the cheerful family party when he appears, or the kind of chill that his presence brings. Instinct must tell him how carefully topics of conversation are chosen for the family meals, how much constraint prevails, and what a strict avoidance of any subject there is that may lead to wrathful questioning. Curiously enough, out of his home, he is generally the genial, jovial sort of man, and very likely is looked upon as a rather good-hearted sort of fellow, for it is only to his family that he shows his teeth.

Secretary W. L. Chamberlain telegraphs from Columbus, Ohio, under date August 21, "The August estimate of the Ohio board of agriculture, compared with 1880, is as follows: Wheat, 72 per cent., or 38,000,000 bushels; against 52,500,000 bushels; corn, 70 per cent., or 74,000,000 bushels; against 105,000,000 bushels; oats, 107 per cent., or 22,500,000 bushels; against 21,000,000 bushels. The wheat estimate is based on actual measurements of the yield per acre from 1,000 threshing machines for three weeks' threshing in all part of the state."

FOSTER'S TEN WIVES.

The Philadelphia Rival of the Richmond Bigamist—How He courted His Numerous Partners in Various Sections of the Country—Is He the Man Recently Arrested? From the Philadelphia Press.

A most remarkable coincidence in connection with the arrest on Thursday in Lynn, Mass., and the arraignment yesterday in Boston of Arthur Merritt or Foster, the bigamist, and forger, with a dozen other names, is found in the case of John H. Foster, who was a proof reader in this city in 1878, and who had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment on October 11, 1875, by Judge Finletter on the charge of bigamy. So strikingly similar are the two cases that it would almost seem that Foster and the wily swindler entrapped on Thursday were one and the same person. Foster who was married in February, 1875, to Laura C. Fall, under the name of John Hogan, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson of the Wartons-street M. E. church, admitted during the course of his trial to having been married twice before, but after serving his term of imprisonment related an astonishing story of his matrimonial adventures, covering a period of eighteen years, during which time he had married no less than ten women—a fact supported by documentary evidence. Merritt is said to have married the same number of women.

A CHECKERED CAREER.

Foster, or as he then called himself, Hogan, was born in New York city, and made his first marriage in Baltimore in 1858, when he was 20 years of age. He was an engaging, attractive young fellow, of pleasing address, and made friends rapidly among all classes of people. During the annual fair of the Maryland institution in Baltimore he formed the acquaintance of Amelia Hartman, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant, and after an acquaintance of seven months he married her and a moderate fortune.

For three months everything ran smoothly enough, until Foster, who was an ardent devotee of the faro table, began losing heavily, and his small salary as a clerk proving insufficient to meet the demands of the "tiger," he was forced to draw on his wife's fortune in the hope of retrieving his losses, but discovery followed, and then divorce. The amiable father-in-law generously gave Foster \$75 to begin life anew, which he did by emigrating to Augusta, Georgia, in the autumn of 1860, where he immediately fell in love with a Miss Holmes, a literary lady of strong secession proclivities, who induced him to join a confederate military company then forming, and he took part in capturing the United States arsenal at Augusta. In March, 1861, he entered into the wedded state a second time. After the fall of Sumter Foster's company was ordered away to Fort Pulaski, and upon returning to Augusta he received an anonymous note to the effect that his wife had been carrying on a desperate flirtation during his absence with a surgeon in the rebel service. He obtained a leave of absence three days later when his company was ordered to Savannah and remained at home to verify the slander. He alleges to have discovered enough of his wife's infidelity to justify him in deserting her. He succeeded in obtaining a furlough and went to Montgomery, Alabama, and received a challenge to mortal combat from the surgeon, but respectfully declined to become a target for the doctor's bullets and set about obtaining employment. The war had just begun and the excitement ran high, Montgomery was filled with an enthusiastic populace, all anxious to take the field to protect their institutions, but Foster's patriotism had cooled out during the attack on the Georgia state arsenal, and he managed, by pretending to be lame, to be incapacitated for military service. He obtained a letter of introduction to Howell Cobb and was given a clerkship in the commissary department.

ANOTHER MARRIAGE.

His fondness for female society brought him in contact with many brilliant women, and before he had been in Montgomery a month he engaged to be married to a dashing widow named Mrs. Clara Gordon Clayton, the relic of a well-known citizen of Vicksburg, Miss. A brilliant wedding, the expense of which was borne by the bride's father, followed, and the pair obtained a pass through the lines to Richmond, Va., where Foster presented his credentials and was again installed as a government clerk under the stars and bars. He lived happily with his third wife, and when a child was born he determined to abandon his former bad habits and settle down as a good citizen. This seems to have been the turning point in his man's life. His wife died suddenly and the babe followed her three weeks later. Foster honored his third wife's memory for three years. In 1865, when the backbone of the confederacy seemed to be broken, Foster was forced to give up his situation and seek a living elsewhere. He went to Louisville, with a few dollars in his pocket, and represented himself to be a man who had lost his fortune on the result of the war. The plea found many sympathizers and offers of assistance were numerous. Foster was then a handsome man and found no difficulty in gaining entrance into the best society. One of his newly-found friends volunteered to introduce him to a maiden lady named Sarah Campbell, of 35 years, who was estimated to be worth \$50,000, and who had been angling for a husband for years. Foster jumped at the idea of bettering his fortunes, and an introduction followed. A four months' courtship and the bigamist and widower had entered upon his fourth alliance. He obtained a position in a banking-house at a salary of \$125 per month, and the bride's father furnished a luxuriant home for the newly-wedded pair, and after a bridal tour through the western states they settled down to enjoy life. Again did Foster's taste for the gaming table assert itself, and before six months of wedded life he was in debt to the extent of \$4,700. To satisfy his creditors Foster, as in a former case, made heavy drafts on his wife's purse, and a quarrel ensued, during which she accused him of having married her for money. The scamp coolly acknowledged the fact, and a divorce followed shortly after. Foster compromised with his creditor, and, with a capital of \$2,000, he started for Cincinnati, where in five days he squandered \$1,500 at the card-table and then began heiress-hunting.

He was badly taken in in the fifth venture in the matrimonial market. Five weeks after his arrival in Cincinnati he had married Josephine Dubois, a French Creole, who was reported to be wealthy, but who turned out to be as poor as himself. A mutual agreement to separate was made; and Foster went to Galveston, arriving there almost penniless. By dint of hard work he succeeded in saving enough out of a salary of \$10 a week as a grocer's clerk to pay his passage to his native city of New York, where he arrived in August, 1868. Here he renewed an acquaintance with a pilot named Hines, who lived in Brooklyn, and here he married again, this time to a blonde named Belle O'Connor, who afterward figured in the bigamy case tried before Judge Finletter as a sympathizer for the ninth wife. Miss O'Connor was an inmate of a convent during her girlhood, from whence, as Foster alleges, she was dismissed in disgrace, and on this pretext the rascally bigamist left her, and was afterwards arrested in Brooklyn on the charge of attempting to rob two married sisters of Captain Hines. Miss O'Connor returned to the nunery and Foster came to this city, where he remained a year, supporting himself as a proof reader in printing offices. In the summer of 1870 he went to Boston, and under another alias contracted a marriage with Mrs. Fannie Rice, a petite little widow, and after living with her for eleven months pretended to have a better prospect in New York, and went to that city, and from thence back to Philadelphia, where he met and married Mrs. Anna Fielding, another widow, under the impression that she was worth money. He was deceived again in this respect, and two weeks after the marriage he fled to Pittsburgh, there to become entangled for the ninth time in Hymen's noose, and with a woman who succeeded in having him put behind the prison bars for a year.

LAURA FALL'S MANIA.

Foster kept himself aloof from society for a year or two after taking up his residence in the Smoky City, but in the latter part of 1874 he made the mistake of marrying a woman who called herself the widow of Colonel John C. Fremont Lowe, but whose real name turned out to be Laura C. Fall. She was an attractive woman of probably 30 years and seemed bent from the first on capturing the much-married Foster. He professes to have resented her advances, and once told her that he had a wife living. Miss Fall courted vigorously, however, and confessed that she did not bear the name of Colonel Lowe by legal right, nor was the colonel in the world of spirits, but alive and passing well in the state of California. This was proven in rather a startling manner not long after, when the colonel arrived in Pittsburgh, and, learning the situation of affairs denounced the woman in the most violent of terms, informing Foster at the same time that if he married Laura Fall he would be the fifth victim of her husband-hunting mania. Notwithstanding this Foster married her, under his old alias of Hogan, and spent the honeymoon in Philadelphia. The ninth wife had stated before marriage that her father was worth \$5,000. A trip to the bride's native place in New Hampshire was proposed, and on the way there the so-called Mrs. Hogan tearfully acknowledged that she had lied, and that her parents not worth a picayune, whereupon the experienced Foster immediately deserted her, and went to St. Louis, and there, for the tenth, and in all probability not the last time, married an unsophisticated German maid, Caroline Muller by name. The news of a dying mother in the Fatherland had the effect of making the new bride ask her husband to accompany her to her faraway home, but he artfully pleaded that he would lose his situation, and sent her to Bremen alone in July, 1875. In September of the same year his ninth wife discovered his whereabouts, and after having him arrested, the trial followed in October. Upon his release in 1876, Foster left Philadelphia, and was last heard of in Nevada, engaged at his occupation of proof-reading.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

His Yachts, His Palaces, His Horses, His Paper, and His Millions.

Newport Letter in Chicago Times.

Mr. Bennett is not at all handsome or striking in his personal appearance. His face is long and thin and wears an expression of settled melancholy, as if the pleasure of the world had paled on him. He does not seem broken down in health, and does not have the appearance of a man whom dissipation has worn out, but he does look as the world yielded him no further enjoyment, and as if his only occupations now were to kill the time. Certainly he has provided himself with excellent weapons to kill it with.

His house here, which he bought some time since for \$60,000, he has converted into a palace. He calls it Stone Villa, and it stands just opposite the Casino—place which is also virtually his own, since he advanced the money with which it is built, and holds a mortgage of \$100,000 on it—on Bellevue avenue, the principal street in the new part of the town. Stone Villa is a large, plain, two-story structure of granite, originally square, but now provided with a projecting octagon dining-room, of Mr. Bennett's own design, and surrounded with a broad and airy veranda. The grounds, which the owner has just decorated with some costly and beautiful marble statues bought in Italy, poised curiously on swivels or pivots, so that they turn about, are surrounded with a low granite wall, which does not obstruct the view of even a child.

Inside the house everything is sumptuous. Liveried servants are always in attendance, day and night, relieving each other in phalanxes. The octagon dining-room, which has windows opening to the air on all of its eight sides but one, is a marvel of completeness. From the host's seat at the chief table—an elaborately carved affair eight feet across, and made, by the way, by a local cabinet-maker—electric bells communicate with all parts of the house, enabling him to communicate with any servant he wants. In this dining-room the tables are always spread; in the kitchen cooks are always on duty, and Mr. Bennett's friends are at liberty to come in and order what they want at any hour of the day or night. It is "hot meals at all hours" at this establishment, and free meals, too, to all who enjoy Mr. Bennett's friendship. The host may be said to entertain every night, for there are always guests in his house, and their wants are carefully provided for.

Stone Villa is strictly a bachelor's hall the greater part of the time. The only female member of the household is the housekeeper, who is elderly. All the other servants, including cooks and chambermaids, are men. But notwithstanding the almost exclusively masculine character of the household, Mr. Bennett does not deny himself the pleasure of feminine company.

The ladies of society here either do not believe the stories of his social irregularities or else have forgiven them, for they welcome him freely to their enter-

tainments, and attend his, and often, accompanied by their husbands, call at his house. When he makes a yachting party to go out on the Pol

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

THE COUNTY FINANCES.

Burleigh county has now been organized eight years. At the time of its organization but six townships of land were surveyed, and none of the land was subject to taxation. For four years afterward the city property was held from taxation by reason of contests in the United States land office in relation to the title. During that time Bismarck was the terminus of the railroad. It was an important river point, and a frontier outpost in every sense of the word. The criminal cases arising in a large portion of the northwest, on several hundred miles of river and in surrounding and unorganized countries were brought here for trial, and Burleigh county was called upon to foot the bills. A glance at the records of the past will show that fully nine-tenths of the criminal cases upon the dockets of our courts were transient people, who were in no sense residents of the county, and yet circumstances made it necessary for this county to prosecute and during the time when there were most of these cases, Burleigh county as it will be seen was without axes or any resources to depend upon even for the incidental expenses, excepting licenses and a small amount of personal tax. County warrants were a drug in the market at 40 cents and yet paupers, in almost every instance transients, insane people, also transients, had to be taken care of and society protected against the criminals drifting in from every direction.

The TRIBUNE takes off its hat to the Fargo Argus in one respect. Notwithstanding the fatness of the gallant major he outkicks the loudest kicking the TRIBUNE has ever done in relation to telegraph dispatches. Fargo, the major says, will build a line to St. Paul if this thing is not arranged to its satisfaction p d q.

SOME entertain the idea that Bismarck is or ought to be jealous of Mandan. One business house at Bismarck sold to parties at Mandan, Glendive and Miles City last month \$28,000 worth of goods. Were these towns ten times as large and were there a score more of them within reach it would be all the better for Bismarck.

From this it appears that the county is now in very good shape indeed. This will be more apparent when the fact that the levy of tax for all purposes excepting special school and city tax for the year 1881 amount to but nineteen and four-tenths mills as follows: County revenue, including support of the poor four mills; special county, covering incidental expenses, 1 mill; sinking fund and interest on county debt 8 mills; roads and bridges, 1 mill; general school tax, 2 mills, and territorial tax 3.4 mills.

What new county is there that can make a better showing.

Burleigh county bonds are now worth a premium of four per cent. That tells a story of confidence that ought to be particularly gratifying to the county authorities.

THE readers of the TRIBUNE may expect lively news from Standing Rock if the orders to remove Sitting Bull are enforced. There is no telling what shape matters may take or what trouble may follow. Sitting Bull is desperate and may resist in the hope that he may at least be killed rather than submit to evils that he knows not of. The order for removal will also have a very bad effect on Gaul and other hostiles who are not disturbed by the order for Sitting Bull's removal.

Sitting Bull's party numbers only about 200, of these not more than fifty to seventy-five, at most, are fighting men. They will feel that the government is acting in bad faith toward them, and the change will affect seriously the

THE Fargo Daily Argus is now a six column quarto—the same size as the Minneapolis Tribune. It is big enough and old enough to know better than to throw rocks at the country west of Fargo.

CALIFORNIA is agitating a division of that state. California is a third larger than Dakota, and could be divided advantageously if it was a territory instead of a state.

THE assessors' returns show an increase of forty per cent in the valuation of property in Dakota over last year.

THE Fargo Republican has entered upon its fourth year. It is one of the most prosperous journals in Dakota.

THE FARGO REPUBLICAN

DETROIT, MICH.

MANDAN.

MANDAN.

Situated on the West Side of the Missouri River, at the Crossing of the North Pacific Railroad.

THE TOWN OF MANDAN was laid out by the North Pacific Railroad in the spring of 1879. They fully realized the importance and advantage of a city on the west side of the river. The only reason that its growth should be in any way checked was the lack of knowledge upon the part of business men and capitalists as to where the railroad company would place their bridge. As soon as it was decided that Mandan was the point, enterprising business men with capital and experience in western cities put their money into property in and adjoining the town, and some of them are now making large and substantial improvements. The question of Mandan's future is now no longer undecided, and any man who has had the least experience in western cities, and will look at the geographical location of and examine the surrounding country that is and will be tributary to Mandan cannot help but see that in a short time she will stand as one of the important western cities. No town upon the line of the North Pacific railroad is to-day being talked of more than Mandan—except Fargo—and the time is not far distant when even that rapidly growing city will have hard work to keep pace with one having, as a means of shipment, the Missouri river, and it is safe to predict that from the superior

LOCATION OF MANDAN on the west side of the river, having advantages that are unsurpassed by any city west of the Mississippi river in the way of shipping or receiving freights, and by thus having always the power to keep the railroad tariff far below any rates that inland cities can demand, is one of the important reasons why it must be a large

WHOLESALE AND DISTRIBUTING POINT. This fact, taken in connection with its being the crossing of the North Pacific railroad, and the building of a bridge, which will be completed in the fall of 1882, at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000, with no other for hundreds of miles north or south, so that all roads taking a share of the advantages to be had from the productive country in western Dakota and through Montana will be compelled to make their crossing here, and thereby create an important railroad center. Its distance from either the lakes or St. Paul, about 500 miles, and no navigable streams between, makes it still more clear that here is the location for the largest city on the road between St. Paul and the Pacific coast. All of the immense crops raised for shipment, north, south and west of us, and the great cattle interests through Montana, must come to Mandan, and besides the large grain elevators, necessary to store the grain, and store houses for other produce, there will not only be large stock yards, but the packing of meats that will be shipped in refrigerator cars direct to eastern and southern cities. Already car loads of the finest cattle are shipped through here from Montana, and that large business is only in its infancy. The country

SURROUNDING MANDAN is of the finest in the northwest for grain and all other kinds of farming. The spring is much earlier than farther east, and grain can be sown at least two weeks earlier than in the Red River valley. Corn of the finest quality can be raised and ripen before the frost, which is not the case east of the Missouri river in Dakota. The country is well watered and is excellent for stock raising. The prairies are covered with the richest grass, and the best of water from many streams a short distance from each other, can be had, and farmers will always find a ready market here for their produce.

THE COAL BEDS a short distance from town will always be a great advantage, furnishing coal not only at home at cheap rates, but to be used for shipment farther east. The people of the city will not be dependent on the eastern fuel dealers. There are untold quantities of good coal easily worked that will be used in large quantities and keep down the price of other fuel. For building material Mandan has the best quality of

BRICK CLAY

which is now being worked, and two million brick will have been made by the time winter sets in. The best judges of brick pronounce them of the best quality, and in the spring the capacity of the yard will be very much increased and machinery for making pressed brick added. A number of handsome brick stores are now being constructed, besides a fine hotel at a cost of \$40,000. Others are being contracted for, and during next season a more substantial town will not be seen along the Northern Pacific railroad. The reasonable price of the brick will be for the benefit of the place and adjoining property, and the saving of insurance. The North Pacific railroad

company having seen the advantages to be derived here have made it the end of the Dakotas and the beginning of the Missouri division of their road, and will, during the present month, begin to erect large repair shops in the town, and in a few days the building of the bridge from the west end will be commenced. Good churches are being built, and good public schools. The business men of Mandan are energetic and are of the best class. There is a high moral sentiment throughout the town. There is a grand site for a town and the view from the bluffs where residences will be erected is unsurpassed.

Local Items.

Mr. D. R. Tavor left this morning for Glendive.

Maj. J. T. Mitchell is confined to his house being quite ill.

Mr. F. D. Hager left for St. Paul day before yesterday and will visit the fair.

Mr. Joseph Hager returned yesterday from his visit to the east, where he has been for some weeks.

The Mandan gun club will meet this evening at their grounds for practice and to transact business at 6 o'clock.

The next glass ball tournament between the Bismarck and Mandan clubs will take place next Tuesday, the 13th.

The school bonds of school district No. 1 of Morton county, were sold yesterday to Mr. R. R. Dorr, of St. Paul, for \$3,054.

The notice that C. E. Don & Son were making counters for Ward & Baehr was a mistake. It should have been C. E. Dow & Son.

Mr. Van Duzee, of Burlington, Iowa, has been looking over the country about Mandan for a day or two, and goes to Glendive to-day.

Messrs. Branch and Allen went hunting relics in the Indian mounds yesterday and it is believed will find a large number of curiosities.

Rev. J. B. Starkey will hold services at the Methodist church Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

Rev. R. Branch will preach his farewell sermon at the Methodist church at eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. Branch leaves next week for his home in New York state.

Day before yesterday Mr. J. P. Lansing sold four acres of his claim which lies at the southwest corner of town and south of the railroad track to Messrs. Densmore and Peterson. Considerations \$300 per acre.

Gen. Arthur C. Ducat, of Chicago, manager of the western department of the Home Insurance company of New York, with his associate, Mr. Wm. Panuashka, was in town yesterday. They were well pleased with the town and its future outlook.

In justice court before Judge Collins yesterday, the case of Magnolia Michaels came up for trial at 10 o'clock. Adjourned till two o'clock p. m., and after some motions argued a change of venue was taken. The charge against Michaels was drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

The first oyster supper of the season will be held at the Methodist church this evening, where every preparation has been made by the ladies in charge. Hot oysters, coffee, etc., will be served during the evening. All are cordially invited to attend, and the assurance of a pleasant evening which is always the case at these entertainments as well as the object to which the funds are to be appropriated, will attract a large number.

Day before yesterday Mr. Vidney, a builder, who is building on Capt. Hansom's house, while taking down the staging, the staging gave way much easier than he expected and he fell to the ground with a crow-bar which he was using, a distance of twenty feet. He fell on a saw horse, breaking it. This in a measure lessened his fall. He lay insensible for some time. Dr. H. W. Coe was called and sewed up his wounds and attended to his injuries which were quite serious. He is now doing well.

PILES
ANAKESIS
DR. S. SISDEE'S EXTERNAL FILE REMEDY
Gives instant Relief, and is an Infallible
CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, \$1.00
per box, prepaid, by mail. Samples sent
free to Physicians and all sufferers, by
Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946, New York
City. Sole manufacturers of ANAKESIS
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Thousands have been cured of dumb ague, bilious disorders, jaundice, dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, blood and stomach, when all other remedies have failed, by using Prof. Guillette's French Liver Pad, which is a quick and perfect cure for these disorders. Ask our druggist for the great remedy, and take no other, and if he does not keep it send \$1.50 in a letter to the French Pad Co., Toledo, O., and receive one by mail, postpaid.

INSURANCE

FIRE AND MARINE

In the Following Companies:

Springfield - \$1,361,948 00
Western, Toronto - 1,150,542 00
Firemen's Fund - 811,673 00
Star of New York - 608,803 00
Paul Fire and Marine 558,483 00
American Central - 550,296 00

\$5,042,045 00

G. H. FAIRCHILD, Agent.

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,

34 N. Fourth St.

Practical Boot Maker,

Likewise —

BUILDER OF SHOES

Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best Material used. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.

THE CONTRAST!

While other Baking Powders are largely ADUL-
TERATED — ALUM and other hurtful drugs,

DR. PRICE'S CREAM'S
BAKING POWDER

has been kept UNCHANGED in all of its original purity and wholesomeness. The best evidence of its SAFETY, HEALTHFULNESS, PURITY, and EFFECTIVENESS, &c. THE FACT of its being used to-day, from North to South, from East to West, in the houses of the rich and poor, where it has been used for the last 15 years.

A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

Made by

STEELE & PRICE,

Manufacturers of Lupulin Yeast Gems, Special Flavoring Extracts, etc., Chicago and St. Louis.

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HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Feeble and Sickly Persons

Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

THIRTY-SIXTH

Popular Monthly Drawing of the

COMMONWEALTH
DISTRIBUTION CO.

In the City of Louisville, on

Friday, September 30, '81

These drawings occur monthly [Sundays excepted] under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky.

The United States Circuit Court on March 31 entered the following decisions:

1st.—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d.—Its drawings are not fraudulent.

The Company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

SEPTEMBER DRAWING.

1 Prize..... \$20,000.00 Prizes \$100 ea \$10,000

1 Prize..... 10,000.00 Prizes 50 ea 10,000

1 Prize..... 5,000.00 Prizes 20 ea 12,000

1 Prize \$1,000 ea 10,000.00 Prizes 10 ea 10,000

20 Prizes \$100 ea

9 Prizes \$200 ea. Approximation Prizes, \$2,700

8 Prizes 200 ea. " 1,800

8 Prizes 100 ea. " 900

1,000 Prizes \$112,400

Whole Tickets, \$2. Half Tickets, \$1.

27 Tickets, \$60. 35 Tickets, \$100.

Remit Money or Bank Draft in Letter, or send by Express. DON'T SEND BY REGISTERED LETTER OR POSTOFFICE ORDER.

LETTER OR POSTOFFICE ORDER. ORDERS OF \$6 and upwards, by Express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. Boardman, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or R. M. Boardman, 309 Broadway, New York.

\$25 TO \$50 PER DAY!

can easily be made by using the celebrated

Victor Well Auger and

Rock Boring machinery.

in any part of the country.

We mean it, and are prepared to demon-

strate the fact. They are operated by

either man, horse or steam power, and

bore very rapid. They range in size from

three inch to four and one-half feet in di-

ameter, and will bore to any required

depth. They will bore successfully and

satisfactorily in all kinds of earth, soft

sand and limestone, bituminous stone coal,

slate, hard pan gravel, lava, builders' ser-

pentine and conglomerate rock, and gnar-

anteed to make the very best of wells in

quick sanc. They are light running, sim-

ple in construction, easily operated, dura-

ble, and acknowledged as the best and

most practical machine extant. They are

endorsed by some of the highest state offi-

cials. We contract for prospecting for

coal, gold, silver, coal oil and all kinds of

minerals; also for sinking artesian wells

and coal shafts. We also furnish engines,

boilers, wind mills, hydraulic rams, horse

power, brick machines, mining tools,

portable forges, rock drills and machinery

of all kinds.

Good active agents wanted in every

country in the world. Address

Western Machinery Supply Depot,

511 Walnut street, St. Louis, U. S. A.

State in what paper you saw this.

13-ly.

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at BISMARCK, D. T.

August 30, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following

named settler has filed notice of his intention

to make final proof in support of his claim and

secure final entry thereof at this office on the

4th day of October, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m. viz:

J. Dawson Thomson, N. e. number 185, made

August 2, 1880, for the s w 1/4, Sec 10 tp 19th n. r

72 w and names the following as his witnesses, viz:

E. Raymond, Michael McLaughlin, I. Corn-

</div

"IN THE MORNING."

A True Incident of the War.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal
"Do you see that young lady in white talking with Clarke?"

The speaker was a tall, dashing looking man of thirty-five, in the uniform of a cavalry colonel in the confederate service. The time was a summer night in '63; the place, the hotel parlor in a small village of middle Tennessee. The occasion was a "hop" given in honor of the presence of a detachment of "Forest's cavalry," the daring riders whose names are household words in Southern homes, from the mountains of Tennessee to the valleys of the Mississippi. The young lady referred to was a pretty, graceful girl, with dark grey eyes, waving hair of a dark, reddish gold, and the exquisite complexion that so often accompanies it.

"Who is she?" asked the colonel's companion.

"That is Picton's sweetheart, Miss Garrett."

"Not the same that saved his life after Shiloh?" said Captain Barclay.

"The same," rejoined Colonel Terry.

"She is a little creature to do such a thing, but she did. You see, she was in the neighborhood at the time of the battle, and somebody told her that Picton was killed. She went over the field and found him, badly wounded through the lungs, but still alive. She sent a boy, that she had brought with her, to hunt up a surgeon, and she stayed by Picton. The boy found Dr. Cowan, and when they got back, Miss Garrett had raised Picton up, with his head on her breast, so that he could breathe more easily. Dr. Cowan examined the wound without moving him and told her that he was afraid it was hopeless, for the least motion, even leaving him down again, might produce a fatal hemorrhage.

"If he could be kept perfectly quiet until morning and the bleeding checked during the night he might have a bare chance of pulling through." "Well," said the brave little woman, "he shall be kept quiet, for I will stay just here and not let him move." And, by George, she did, she never stirred all night, and in the morning they carried him to the nearest house, and she nursed him until he was out of danger."

"That's a sweetheart worth having," said Captain Barclay, with a glance of admiration at the subject of their conversation.

Half an hour later Colonel Terry was at Miss Garrett's side receiving a warm greeting that told that the two were fast friends.

"Tell me of all my friends in the old battalion," she said, presently.

"How many?" he asked quizzically; "more than one?"

"I mean what I said," she answered, with merry laugh and quick, bright blush,

"I have heard from some of them very recently."

"Does Charlie know you are here?"

"No; it is not a week since I left Memphis. Will they join you here?"

"They're repeated, inquiring.

"The rest of the command. I mean," she replied, blushing again.

"A portion of it may, but for that part that you are particularly interested in I cannot say. You know they are with the old general, and their movements can't be counted on with any very great certainty."

"They are the 'comets' of the service," said Miss Garrett. "Quite as erratic at all events."

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" said the colonel, as the band struck up a quadrille. "I know it is useless to ask you for a waltz." The dance over, he led her to a chair, and, after a moment's gay badinage, was about to resign his place in favor of other claimants for her smiles, when he saw a sudden ghastly pallor overspread her features.

"Miss Alice, you are ill!" he exclaimed, anxiously. "Let me get you some water."

It was scarcely a moment before his return, but even then he was shocked at her white, drawn face.

"Call my sister!" she had said to another gentleman with her, while Colonel Terry had gone for the water, and both reached her at the same time.

"Lucy, take me home," she whispered faintly, "I am dying."

"Oh, no, darling," said her sister, tenderly, "you will be well in the morning."

As quick as possible the carriage was called and the sick girl placed in it.

When they were just starting Colonel Terry wished them good night, expressing his hopes that Miss Alice would have recovered by morning. She put out her hand, and, exerting her strength, said distinctly:

"Yes, I shall be well in the morning. Tell Charley—" her voice failed and, lifting her slim white hand, she loosened the flowers she wore at her breast and put them into the colonel's hand. "Give these to him—yes—in the morning." Her voice died away to a faint whisper, and her head fell back on her sister's shoulder. The lady who had acted as their chaperon hastened to apply restoratives and the carriage rolled swiftly away.

The next morning when Colonel Terry called to enquire after the invalid he had no need to ask, from the door there floated the mournful insignia of death.

Shocked beyond expression, that hardy soldier turned away, unable then to even offer his services if they were needed.

He went again after awhile and saw Mrs. Cameron, the hostess of the sisters during their visit. From her he learned the brief details of Alice's death. Her attack had been a sudden spasm of the heart, and she had never rallied. She had spoken but once; and they caught her lover's name and a repetition of the words "in the morning."

"Poor Charley, who will tell him?" groaned the colonel when the lady's voice ceased.

"You are his best friend," she answered.

"I think no one else could do it so gently."

"I can't," he replied, shaking his head.

"I would rather face a battery. Why, you don't know, you can't think how his very life seems bound up in her; and now—"

They buried her next day, six of Picton's friends carried his dead love to her grave, and then came sadly back, each questioning who would bear the tidings to the gallant sabre far away with the old brigade.

That night the order came to join the main con. and by daylight the troops were miles away. As they reached the vicinity of the appointed rendezvous, a desultory firing warned them of an approaching conflict. Presently they formed themselves in the midst of a portion of the command, drawn up in a piece of woods overlooking a sloping field, which, on the opposite side rose to a sharp eminence, on the brow of which was posted a federal battery.

Farther to the right the firing became sharper and soon the roll of musketry swelled along the line.

"I say, Barclay," called Col. Terry, "that officer passed him, 'have you seen Picton yet?'" And as Barclay shook his head, he added, "Tell the boys not to let him know yet. Wait till this is over."

"All right; I'll tell them," answered Barclay, as he rode away.

"The old general will be wanting that battery the first thing they know," said one of the men, as a shell exploded over their heads. "They'd better keep it quiet."

"Tear, what did I tell you?" he added, biting off a huge piece of "long green," "that go the Mississippi boys now."

As he spoke a tawny column moved out of the woods and swept gallantly across the field. But as they reached the centre a murderous round of grape and canister tore through their ranks and the column broke in confusion. Three times their leader rallied them to the charge, and three times they were shattered by the galling fire.

"Tell you what, boys," called out the long-legged private, who had before spoken, "that's fun comin' now! That's Gan's bugle. The old regiment want some of the pie!"

He stooped and felt his saddle girth as he spoke, then straightened himself and waited for the command, for he was "one of the boys." The next moment there was a ringing cheer from the ranks as General Forest rode up.

"Boys," he exclaimed, pointing with his sword, "I want that battery captured. One regiment has tried, and couldn't take it. Now I want you boys to do better than that. I am going to lead you, and I want you all to follow me."

Another cheer was the answer, as the men fell into ranks.

"Charge!" And down the slope rode the gallant "old regiment," never faltering as the grapeshot swept through the serried ranks, closing each gap as it was made by the deadly fire; on, on, followed the lead of the tall figure at the head of the column, till they rode right over the death-dealing guns, "sabring the gunners there," and the woods gave back the ringing echoes of the famous "rebel yell" as the victory was won.

Won! Yes, but at a fearful cost. That fatal slope was drenched with the blood of the Southland's bravest sons,

After that charge Colonel Terry found himself face to face with Charlie Picton. "My God, how can I tell him?" muttered the colonel to himself as the gallant young fellow rode toward him, holding out his hand.

"It takes the 'old regiment' to do up things in style!" he said, grasping the colonel's hand. "Say, Terry, did you see Miss Alice?" Coleman has just got back from Memphis, and he told me she had gone on a visit to some friends in C—."

But as he spoke he suddenly cut his hand to his side. "I am shot," he gasped, faintly. It was true. A stray bullet had struck him in the side, and Col. Terry caught him as he reeled in his saddle and rode with him to the field hospital.

Lieut. Flipper had the respect of the officers of the post, and has been treated very kindly by them, though he has never shown a disposition to mingle with them in a social manner. The fact of his having retained the position of acting commissary of subsistence for so long a time shows in what light his character and intellect were regarded.

Being the only colored officer in the army, great regret is expressed that Lieut. Flipper could not have maintained his reputation for integrity and high moral character, but "evil" communications corrupted good manners," and it is said his most intimate associate of late have not been the best.

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LEAVENWORTH ROMANCE.

A Story of a Youthful Couple and An Indignant Mamma.

From the Leavenworth, (Kansas) Times.

There was a lively scene of domestic trouble at the depot on Sunday afternoon as the Missouri Pacific train came in. An anxious mother was there to receive home an erring daughter who had left her paternal roof two months ago a blushing maid of sweet sixteen and returned on Sunday a bride. When the train had stopped in the depot the mother ran up to the cars and scanned the features closely of every person who descended to the platform. At last her scrutiny was rewarded by a young girl, handsomely attired in a light traveling suit and a jaunty little hat that partially hid a wealth of golden curls, and shaded the dark, lustrous eyes that flashed defiantly on the lady, who received her with open arms, while unrestrainedly the tears flowed down her cheeks.

Then came another actor on the scene, a young man of about twenty-two years of age, who stepped up to the lady with an expectant air and stood by, a silent witness to the scene.

Suddenly the young girl turned to him and said:

"Mamma, my husband!"

"Your husband!" exclaimed the astonished lady, "what! My child, my baby, married."

"I told you I was going to marry him in my last letter, and you didn't answer it," cried the girl.

Without noticing the last remark, the angry mother walked up to the young man and looking him over from head to foot with indescribable scorn, said: "How dare you take my baby, my only child, from me without my consent? You are a wretch, sir; and let me tell you, sir, you are not wanted in our family. My daughter will go home with me, and you just fit for Illinois."

"But your daughter loves me," he protested, "and wrote for your consent, which you refused to give, and we could not live apart, madam. If you cannot give us welcome, we will return to Illinois—"

"No you won't," interrupted the mother. "My daughter will go home and you can go about your business."

Stepping up to the young lady, he placed his hand confidently on her arm and said defiantly: "Come, Nellie, I will protect you, and we will go where there is a warmer welcome for us."

The young girl wavered; she was in a delicate position, being compelled to choose between her mother and her newly chosen husband. Finally, as if deciding the matter in her mind, she said: "No, Charley; I guess ma is right. I'd better go home, and you can write to me some times, won't you, Charlie? And maybe we can—". At this point she burst into tears, while the irate mother led her from the depot. The young man dropped his under jaw in a dejected manner and wandered aimlessly after them. When last seen by Officer Neibaur they were going up Cherokee street, the young man following at a respectable distance behind. Whether the disappointed husband concluded to return to Illinois has not been ascertained, and he may be in the city yet endeavoring to get back his wife, who went home to her ma as a matter of choice, and why shouldn't she? She can get another husband, but she can never get another mother.

HE WANTED HIS PORK.

A Type of Our Natural Disgrace.

From the Dallas (N. S.) Chronicle. Gen. Wagoner, the popular U. S. consul at St. John, who had lately been sacrificed to the "spoils" system, was entertained at a dinner by a number of the citizens of St. John one evening. Mayor Jones presided. Among those present was the general's successor, Mr. Fessenden. In responding for the president the new consul said,

"But here he might be asked how it was that he felt thus he had taken Gen. Warner's place. That question had been raised before he left home, and the general's reputation having traveled that far, a friend had said to him, 'Fessenden, don't you feel mean in taking Gen. Warner's position?' He told that friend a little story, which he would here repeat: There lived in a certain neighborhood a very benevolent gentleman, whose charities and good works were widely diffused. That gentleman imagined that he missed some pork from his cellar. He kept watch and found a man in the act of taking it. Jones, said the gentleman, 'is it possible that you are taking my pork?' [Cheers and great laughter.] Jones made no reply. [Increased laughter and cries of 'Jones never does reply.'] The gentleman pressed the question and Jones at last answered, 'I have nothing against you only I wanted your pork.' [Roars of laughter.] They would now understand how he came to take Gen. Warner's position." [Roars of laughter.]

So Gen. Warner, a man who had served his country well in the army and in the consular service for twenty years, was turned out upon the world to seek a living as he might in his declining years, because Mr. Fessenden wanted his place. If the democrats had won and they had dismissed Gen. Warner, there would have been little ground for surprise. The "spoils" system, with which the states is cursed, would have lead us to expect as much. But Gen. Warner, against whom there was not the breath of suspicion, was turned out of office by the political party with which he was in sympathy. It was a mean, miserly business. No wonder Mr. Fessenden was asked if he did not feel mean in taking Gen. Warner's place. He ought to feel mean. There would have been no discredit in taking the office if it had become vacant in a legitimate way. But to endeavor, as Mr. Fessenden confesses he did, to effect Gen. Warner's dismissal so that he might get his office, was a mean business. There were some people, we believe, who wanted Judge Jackson's pork, but fortunately did not get it.

Bob Ingersoll "Takes Flyers."

New York Letter in Atlanta Constitution. I hear that Bob Ingersoll is taking "flyers" in stock now and again. He has built him a small cottage at Long Beach, and oh, so awfully swell, down on the seaside shore of Long Island. He comes up to the city almost daily, and smiles so much that he makes people laugh without knowing why. Last year he made more than \$30,000 by lecturing, and his law practice is said to have brought him even a larger return. What a fine looking man he is! He always seems so merry and bright. His voice has such a cheery ring. I am told

that the stock operations in which he indulges have been far from remunerative, in fact they have brought him sad losses. Some day when all his money is gone he will be heard to say: "This is hell; I have been wrong all along."

Queer Verdicts.

How may one explain the odd verdicts that are rendered? Often the sum found seem inexplicable. Lately a Patterson jury, in an aggravated breach of promises case, found for the lady—"damages, \$8,337" and inquiry arose, naturally enough, "Whence the \$7? Are a jury's scales for weighing wounded affections so delicate as that?" One who has become conversant with the interior methods of the jury-room will say that the sum may be not a precise valuation in which each juror concurred, but an average of twelve various estimates. Probably the jury first voted on the general question, "For plaintiff or defendant?" Finding all were in favor of some damages to the plaintiff, they reached an amount by each man writing a sum on a slip of paper, casting all in a hat, adding them, and dividing the total by twelve. It is contrary to law for jurors to agree beforehand that they will report an average of their several sums as the verdict; but the law cannot prevent their taking an average to see how it strikes them, and then, if all approve it, reporting it, and they often do so. If the sums on the twelve slips should total \$100,044, the twelfth, or average, would be \$8,337.

Preposterous convictions are so sometimes reached by this willingness to compromise opinions rather than be "kept out" longer. A Connecticut wife was prosecuted for killing her husband by a slow poisoning, and the jury—after long deliberation—found her guilty of murder in the second degree. Now, the second degree of murder embraces the more hasty, passionate, undeliberate kinds. The first degree comprises the deliberate, premeditated cases, to which class poison eminently belongs. It is not probable that any one juror really considered that a finding of murder in the second degree was correct. More likely some were stubbornly opposed to sending a woman to be hanged; and the others, rather than allow a proved prisoner to have a chance of escape, which would be allowed her by a disagreement and new trial, consented to unite in saying "second degree," and so securing imprisonment for life.

Mr. W. H. M. Christie, the new astronomer royal of England, though yet quite young, is very well known as the chief and confidential assistant to Sir George Airy since the autumn of 1879, but more popularly as the able editor of an astronomical periodical founded by himself in 1877, and called the *Observatory*. Mr. Christie is the author of several important astronomical and physical papers, and is particularly an authority in spectroscopic matters, and has made a considerable series of observations for determining the motions of stars in the line of sight. A recent paper treats of the systematic errors of the Greenwich north polar distances. Early in 1860 he was elected secretary of the Royal Astronomical society, and in February last was re-elected to the same office.

The late Matthew Vassar's bequest of \$1,000 to the fund of the Poughkeepsie firemen was in recognition of his having once been a member of the force. His interest in the affairs of that useful department was always active. The \$50,000 granted for scholarships to Vassar College is to provide for the education, perpetually, of eight young women, preference to be given to residents of Poughkeepsie. The \$80,000 for the benefit of the professorships of Natural Science and of Languages, it is reported, was given with the condition that if a woman were ever appointed to fill one of those chairs the money should revert to the city treasury, and be applied toward the payment of the city debt. He left his wife \$63,000 and the homestead. The estate is roughly estimated at \$750,000, and it is supposed that the proposed Vassar Hospital, as residuary legatee, will receive about \$250,000.

At the end of an English trial for false pretenses, the jury said: "We find he did wrong, but we recommend him to mercy." The judge asked, somewhat tardy, whether they found the prisoner guilty, and they answered: "Not guilty, but we recommend him to mercy." This naturally raised a laugh in the court-room, after which the judge explained that their finding was equivalent to an entire acquittal, which was at length recorded. On a trial for larceny, the jury came back complaining that they could not agree whether the offense was "grand" or "petty" until instructed whether to value the goods at wholesale or at retail prices. Said the judge: "Gentlemen considering the way the rascal came by the goods I don't think the court can afford to wholesale them to him." Verdict of grand larceny immediately. In some states the jury decide the punishment as well as the offense, hence, in a murder case, an illiterate foreman wrote the verdict, "Gilty, death."

Why find a verdict for such a silly sum as 6 1/4 cents? Sometimes such a finding may be really valuable. Say that people are in the habit of crossing your meadow, and you fear that if they persist in doing so for a term of years that footpath will become a matter of right. If, now you sue some one person for trespassing and recover 6 1/4 cents, this will show, at any time after, that the meadow was yours, and the townspeople crossed it by suffrage only. Often, however, a nominal verdict means that, though the defendant was legally in fault, the jury disapprove the plaintiff's suit.

The Place Where They Shoot the Apparatus Out of a Cannon to the Fire.

When I inquired (writes a Chicagoan in London) why the steamers are so small he replied: "Becos we ca'nt get a bigger one to a fire." "Why not?" "Osses can't pull bigger one than this 'ere. An' wots more," this with a ferocious glare at me, "wot ud be the good of 'avin' a bigger one than this 'ere?" Thinking that I had better explain why I was so curious, I ventured to suggest that larger steamers would be more powerful, throw more water, and do better execution generally, and that such change would improve the effectiveness of the brigade. "Cawnt provit. It's the first in the world now. It don't need no improvin', it don't." "Were you ever in Chicago?" "Schicago? Where's that?" "In the United States. Now if—" "Oh, I see. You're from the place w're they throw the firemen down stairs, and shoot the apparatus out of a cannon to a fire. We've heard of that place before, but we ca'nt do anything like that 'ere, you know. We don't know enuf 'ere, we don't. We ain't 'ighly 'enuf hedicated, we ain't. We don't shoot no appa'atus out of a cannon, we don't." And with a loud guffaw at the imperceptible joke in his remark, he turned away and began polishing up the machinery.

Labouchere, in London *Truth*, which is not always truthful, says that in a certain hospital thirty patients suffering from the same disease were put in three separate wards, ten in each. The first ward was treated allopathically, and only a third recovered; the second homeopathically, and half were restored; in the last ward the

patients were simply let alone, and they all got well!

Gossip about People.

Mrs. Bob Burdette has fallen heir to \$10,000.

Mrs. A. C. Goodell of Salem has forwarded to the wife of President Garfield a set of seven beautiful pillows for the sickbed. They are of different sizes, filled with live geese feathers and covered with fine white kid. Each has the initial "G" embroidered thereon. They were all enclosed in linen covers.

A journalist of the Philadelphia *Times* has been on a fishing trip. "Somtimes," he writes, "a raw-looking country lad, with a hook and line made fast to a stick cut from a tree, will bring in all the fish he wants, while the tourist, with split bamboo rod and silver-plated reel, will have to buy of the lad, or go home without fish."

He was Boston esthetic, and after kissing her good night, was about departing with a countenance expressive of anything but satisfaction. "What is the matter, Perie? Aren't you happy?" "Aw, so, so," he replied. "I could have been happier but you hadn't eaten onions with those cucumbers."

Here is a genuine "good saying" of Bishop Wilberforce's, which is newly in print: "When the present bishop of Peterborough made his great speech on the Irish church in 1863, he was sitting next to Wilberforce. At the conclusion of his splendid oration he sat down amid a tempest of cheering, and, being somewhat flurried, he took up Wilberforce's trencher instead of his own, but as he was about to put it on, 'Sam,' stretching out his hand said, 'We will exchange heads, if you like, but not hats.'

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There are more candidates for the ministry in the Methodist church than in any other. In England the candidates increase when trade or business is crippled by hard times. The *Methodist* thinks "the real cause lies in the greater facility with which Methodism puts ministers into the field"—that is, we suppose, the small expense and preparation required.

The People of

DAKOTA

And of the whole Northwest, who contemplate visiting Chicago and the East, and who desire to travel over the BEST ROUTE, should purchase tickets over the

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When going to Chicago and the East, ask for tickets through Elroy and Madison, and when going to Yankton, Omaha, Kansas City and the Southwest, ask for tickets through Sioux City, and you will have the satisfaction of riding over one of the best roads in the United States, and that road is the

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W. H. THURSTON & CO., Wholesale Gro

The Bismarck Tribune.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

The following, reported specially for the Tribune, shows the condition of the weather at the various points mentioned, at 9:25 last evening:

Station.	Tempera-ture.	Direction of Wind.	Veloc-ity of Wind.	State of Weather.
Bismarck....	58	E	Fresh	Clear
Pt. Stevenson	61	SE	Brisk	Clear
Pt. Buford...	70	NW	Brisk	Cloudy
Pt. Keogh...	68	NW	High	Fair
Pt. Custer...	63	N	Brisk	Cloudy
Pt. Benton...	46	NW	Brisk	Clear
Deadwood....	65	SW	Fresh	Clear
Idaho, M. T.	51	S	Fresh	Clear

Keogh, falling slowly.

Buford, fell 1 inch.

G. CRAMER.
Sergeant Signal Corps, U. S. A.

LOCAL LEAVINGS.

A great many will attend the Fargo fair from this city.

Louis Westhauser has a fine stock of tobacco, cigars, etc.

It is reported that Mr. Cordon will succeed Thos. Woods, a policeman.

Arthur Linn has ordered an outfit for an opposition newspaper at Bismarck.

Work on the mammoth bridge over the Missouri at this point is progressing finely.

Judge Peterson says that Driggs' hair is bound to come out, either one way or the other.

C. W. Thompson says the strikers at Bly's mine resumed work at the old price without trouble.

Service has been reduced to once a week on the Fort Buford route from Fort Berthold to Fort Buford.

Postoffice Inspector S. P. Child has been ordered to California, where he will remain on duty several months.

Now is the time to lay in your coal for the winter, and J. W. Raymond & Co. will furnish either hard or soft coal at the very lowest rates.

John Whalen's new residence on Third street is rapidly nearing completion. It will be one of the handsomest and most commodious in the city.

Joseph Eastwood, the popular manager of Emerson's boarding house at the river, is quite ill of a fever, and scarcely able to attend to his duties.

"Bad Land Carny" says he enjoys farm life very much, and is now actively engaged in putting up the necessary buildings for comfort this winter.

All in favor of organizing a Temple of Honor in this city are requested to meet with A. F. Van Epps Saturday evening, at the TRIBUNE office, at 8 o'clock.

Griffin & McKenzie have rented the building on Fourth street, just vacated by Col. O'Connor, to Billy Branch, and it will hereafter be used as a saloon.

Capt. Mantor has leased his lots, corner Fourth and Meigs streets, to Charles Kupitz, who is erecting thereon a building, which he will occupy as a market.

The team selected by the captain to shoot the match with the Mandan club will consist of A. F. Van Epps, Dan Howe, J. M. Carnahan, Jerre Plants and Mr. McArthur.

The Bismarck Gun club will meet for practice Monday evening at 5:30 sharp. The team are earnestly requested to be present, as this will be the only practice they will have before the match.

The captain of the Mandan gun clubs, writes to the captain of the Bismarck club that they will shoot the return match next Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, on their grounds, the team to consist of five members.

Mr. Freede says he had three acres of potatoes to dig, and being unable to get anyone to do the job for him, he leased his hotel so that he might do the digging himself. He probably has them dug now, for he is going west in a day or two.

The name and location of the Cannon Ball postoffice has been changed—the name to Gayton and the location to the east side of the Missouri. John L. Kennedy has been appointed postmaster, and service has been ordered on the east side of the river.

Fifty-eight have signed the pledge as the result of the temperance labors of Miss Cleveland, now in the city. Of those who signed two years ago one marked case has been faithful to his pledge. If no other good was accomplished, the result in that case was worth the effort.

Wm. E. Savage, and Miss Lizzie O. Sweet, of Miles City, were married yesterday morning. Miss Sweet is a daughter of Col. Geo. W. Sweet, of Bismarck, and a charming little lady she is, too. Mr. Wm. Savage is a son of C. W. Savage, of Miles City. They went east yesterday morning.

H. L. Boon, General agent of the New York Life Insurance Company, is in the city looking after the interest of the best insurance company in the United States—a company which takes army officers on the same terms as citizens, and pays

its losses without delay or deductions. He will establish a local board in Bismarck, and fix headquarters for the great northwest in this city.

C. W. Freede has leased to Harriman & Whitell the popular Freede House on Fourth street, and these gentlemen are making improvements that will be appreciated by their regular as well as transient customers. About thirty-five people are fed there daily, and with Mr. Harriman's extensive experience as a caterer, the institution is bound to be a success.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Lieut. Grimes returned from Duluth last evening.

Rev. P. A. Schnitzler, of De Pere, Wis., is in the city.

Frank Embree and wife, of Iowa City, are in the city.

G. M. Miles and wife, of Miles City, are at the Sheridan.

Hon. J. P. Kidder, J. W. Carter, of Canton, and F. Gilmon, of Eden, Dakota, are in the city. The judge was warmly received by his many friends.

Frank Martin, general agent of the Fargo Republican, returned from his western trip last evening, and is enthusiastic over Bismarck and the west.

C. E. Cropsey, representing the machinery firm of Robinson & Cary, St. Paul, is in the city. He will go to Mandan, and try to persuade the owners of the new hotel there to heat their building by steam.

Mr. Chas. Merryweather, of Stoneyville, Mich., father of Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. E. M. Pike, of Preston, England, are in the city. Mrs. Pike is a sister of the late Mrs. Merryweather. They are guests of Rev. J. G. Miller.

J. C. Cannon and J. M. Dresser, of Mason, Mich., arrived on last evening's train from the east. These gentlemen are making a tour of the west, and in all probability will invest in property either here or in Mandan. They will remain in the city a day or two, and will then proceed westward.

Major James McLaughlin and family arrived in the city last evening en route for Standing Rock, where the Major goes to relieve Father Stephan as Indian agent. Major McLaughlin is accompanied by J. Kennedy, clerk, G. H. Faribault and wife, A. L. Faribault and Jos. Slitsel. They will remain in the city to day, and proceed to Fort Yates to-morrow.

Wonderful Wealth.

[Black Hills Journal.]

The country lying east of the head of Newton's Fork, between that stream and Marshall's gulch, must certainly contain rich bodies of quartz. For several years small dry gulches have been worked for placer gold to pay, and rock as rich as ever found in any country has been picked up frequently. On Union Hill and on the Bengal Tiger location in particular, some wonderfully rich specimens have been found, and those most interested are confident that bodies of ore of considerable extent will yet be discovered.

Under the management of James Long development is being pushed rapidly up on the Bengal Tiger, the crossing having been started from the bottom of the new shaft, to tap the rich ore pipe below the bottom of the first workings. Rumors have reached us within the past few days that this pipe of ore, which was reported to have pinched out, has been again encountered, at a greater depth than ever before, and that it is turning out rock of great value. We are not prepared to state positively that such is the case, but believe the rumors have solid foundation.

Since the above has been set in type we learn the facts of what promises to prove the most wonderful discovery in the Black Hills. The cross cut mentioned above is run from the new shaft westward at a depth of sixty-five feet, and has passed through a vein about seven feet wide of good milling ore. On Wednesday afternoon a blast threw out from the face a lot of rock which for richness has never been equalled by the production of any mine in the Black Hills, and indeed it would be difficult to even imagine anything richer could exist in a mine in any country. One piece of the rock, it is estimated, contains \$75 worth of free gold, while all the small particles are glittering with the precious metal. Mr. Ryan declares that never before has he seen anything so rich. And this is the mine which has been reported as played out, but of which it will be remembered the Journal has foretold of this strike.

Immediately after the purchase of the last interest by James Long, Jr., we took occasion to speak of the Bengal Tiger, giving an account of its development and the litigation between its co-owners, resulting in its closing down the work, of the perseverance and faith of Mr. Long, and his determination of obtaining control of the mine. We also stated our confidence that the rich ore followed down in the old shaft had not pinched out as

reported, but that it would be struck again in a cross cut from the new workings as rich, if not richer than ever, and the late developments have more than verified our predictions. The mine belongs exclusively to James Long, Sr., of Philadelphia, an uncle of the superintendent. It has required two years' time to secure the various interests, and since their consolidation under the ownership of Mr. Long the work has been pushed with the above stated results. We are proud to chronicle this most wonderful of all strikes in the Black Hills, both because it is an advertisement of the burial wealth of the country and because it has been made by the energy, perseverance and faith of a man who has done much work and spent much money in the development of the quartz interest of the Central Hills. Great excitement prevails in the vicinity of the strike, and locations are being staked in every direction.

Bob Ingersoll on Stingy Men.

I despise a stingy man. I do not see how it is possible for a man to die worth five or ten million dollars in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that and hold in the clutch of his hand twenty or thirty million dollars, is past my comprehension. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds of thousands were drowning in the sea. Do you know I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their homes, but not with their pocketbooks—not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows which is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar? Think of her asking you every day for a dollar or two, dollars, or to humbly beg for fifty cents. "What did you do with that dollar I gave you?" Think of having a wife that is afraid of you, what kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for a mother? Oh, I tell you, if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king, spend it as though it were a dry leaf, and you the owner of an unbounded forest. That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than to be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If its got to go, let it go. Get the best you can for your family, and look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting how nice you looked. Ah, your eyes were bright, your step was light, and you just put on the very best you could. Do you know that it is unsufferable egotism to suppose that a woman is going to love you always, looking as bad as you can? Think of it. Any woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

A Bismarck Buffalo Hunter.

The St. Paul Dispatch wonders if the following from Curtis, of the Inter-Ocean, who was one of the party, relates to Col. Lounsherry, of the Bismarck TRIBUNE:

The genial Colonel was considerably exhausted by the excitement and exertion, and expressed a good deal of disquiet because his trusty rifle and unerring aim, although it had ruined many buffalo robes, had failed, so far, to reach a vital part. He was particularly aggravated by the unmanly conduct of an enormous bull, who stood bellowing and pawing the ground, as it in defiance, at the top of a hill just out of range.

"I rather think I can take some of the nonsense out of that old bully," remarked the Colonel, and he examined his gun with a determined air. "I'll make him paw dirt," he added, and proceeded to prepare for war.

He was warned that an indignant buffalo was not an animal to trifle with, but the brave Colonel threw off his coat, and, shouldering his rifle, started up the hill on foot to have a personal controversy. No gladiator ever entered the arena with a more chivalrous heart; no pulse ever beat more valiantly than that throbbing in the Colonel's arteries. His step was elastic, and as the mellow breeze of the prairie fanned his sun-burned countenance, it found that expression of determination which is seen upon the faces of all brave men when undertaking feats of valor and renown. The Colonel is stalwart in stature, and expansive in the region of his waistcoat, his fighting weight being about 245 pounds, so that the combatants were evenly matched.

Approaching within a couple of hundred yards of the infuriated animal, the Colonel dropped upon one knee, braced his rifle against his shoulder, and took a long, steady aim. The bison did not flinch. He stood upon the eminence, his black, shaggy coat standing in statuary relief against the blue summer sky. He ceased to paw and bellow, and awaited his destiny with the nerve of a hero.

Crack went the rifle. A little puff of dust from the animal's haunch showed that the bullet had taken effect. The Colonel arose with an air of gratification, threw out the empty cartridge

shell, and put in a fresh load. He started to approach nearer his antagonist.

The bull reflected a moment over the situation, and seemed to be saying:

"That's the best you can do, is it? Now, I'll show you my favorite way of fighting!"

Giving one snort that rent the peaceful air, he started down the hill, the grade giving his enormous body accelerated speed. It was very evident that he meant business; at least his manner gave color to that suspicion. Reinforcements at once started towards the Colonel's position.

Like an avalanche, or a cyclone, the embodiment of passion and revenge, fury incarnate, came the bison down the hill. The Colonel had his gun at his shoulder, and did not flinch even for an instant. He fired a second time, and the ball was buried somewhere in the shaggy meat. It was evident that the Colonel's determination was to conquer or to die, but he changed his mind. He decided to retire to a more defensible position. That was his explanation after the battle was over. His retreat was rapid. In fact, for a moment or two it had the appearance of a stampede. In the excitement of the instant no one noted the time he made, but a fat man never ran faster.

The bull was close at his heels. His hot breath could almost be felt on the little bare place between the Colonel's hair and his shirt collar. He shouted:

"Here we come, blast our fool souls, somebody head us off!"

A volley of musketry, that should have carried death with it, met that old bison in the face. He turned suddenly and started along the edge of the hill, and another volley was fired at his flank. The Colonel stopped short and his cool determination having changed to the recklessness of his passion, he followed the retreating buffalo over the hill. We lost sight of him as he turned the crest, but one of the soldiers rode rapidly over to assist in the pursuit. The rest of the party sat down to lunch, and did not see the Colonel again until several hours afterward, when he was found miles away in a very penitential frame of mind. He had followed that buffalo mile after mile, firing whenever he could "get the drop on him," as he said, and finally brought the animal to his knees, when a bullet from the soldier's rifle stopped the beating of the brute's great heart.

The dead buffalo were butchered, and the tender parts taken, and the rest of the party sat upon the ground awaiting the Colonel's return. The cavalryman had arrived and reported the result of the pursuit, and said that the doughty Colonel was two or three miles over the hill on his way in. After waiting for three or four hours, and the time for starting home being long past, a cavalryman, leading a saddled horse, was sent in search of the truant, with the understanding that he should meet the party at the top of a butte that was conspicuous in the distance. We started on our homeward journey, and found the Colonel and his escort at the appointed rendezvous, resting on the ground.

His first words framed an inquiry for refreshments. He had eaten nothing since breakfast before sunrise, and it was now near sunset, and he was now heard to remark in a strictly sotto voice tone of voice that it was "a long time between drinks." When his hunger and his thirst were satisfied he related his experience. After the battle was over he had attempted to return to the party and had lost his way, wandering over the hills until he became exhausted. Then he climbed to the top of a hill and sat down, not discouraged, but expecting to discover us in search of him.

On the way home he declared he had walked six miles. When he attempted to walk again he estimated that it was ten miles, and the next morning, when he found how stiff his joints were, he solemnly assured us upon his honor that it was twenty.

The City Fathers.

In regular session Wednesday evening, transacted considerable business of general interest. Present: Mayor Thurston and Alds. McDonald, Griffin, Bogue and Halloran. After roll call and reading of the minutes of previous meetings, business was opened by Ald. McDonald, as one of the committee on taxation, reporting that owing to the illness of the city attorney, the committee had prepared no ordinance amendatory to the one now existing, regarding the levying of taxes, etc., but that Mr. John E. Carland would act in the capacity of attorney in the matter. Mr. Carland being present, was called upon and proceeded to the drafting of such an ordinance, which was read, and on motion was passed unanimously. Following is a copy:

The mayor and city council of the city of Bismarck do ordain:

That an ordinance for the collection of taxes, passed and approved February 28, 1879, be and the same is hereby amended as follows: By striking out the words "first Monday in July" and inserting in the place thereof, where the same occurs in section one of said ordinance, "third Monday in September;" and also by striking out the words "first Monday in August," where the same occurs in said section one, and

inserting in lieu thereof, "second Monday in October;" by striking out the words "first Monday in October," where the same occur in section two of said ordinance, and inserting in lieu thereof the words "first Monday in November;" by striking out the word "November," where the same occurs in section four of said ordinance and inserting in lieu thereof the word "January."

The mayor was instructed by the council to notify the city marshal to proceed at once to the collection of the dog tax, according to law, and to enforce the law to the very letter.

Several claims were presented, read and allowed. Among them one from Street Commissioner Robidou for the sum of \$124, which was allowed. Another from Gou Thonwald, for \$32.25 for repairs on the city hall, which was allowed. A TRIBUNE bill for \$30.50 for printing was also allowed. The claim of Joseph Hare, as city justice, was referred to the committee on claims.

It was moved and carried that the necessary hose and other fixtures for the fire engine be ordered by the city clerk at once.

Ald. Griffin gave notice that at the next meeting he would introduce an ordinance relating to the turning over of the fire engine and other fire apparatus to the Bismarck fire company.

It was unanimously carried that all lots belonging to the city should be advertised for thirty days and sold.

Strange Story.

J. M. Thiergartner for several years was a jolly soldier boy at Fort Rice.